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SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The monument of Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey was erected in 1741, from funds realized in two theatrical benefit performances. The design was by W. Kent, the carving by P. Scheemakers. The head bears some resemblance to the Chandos Portrait. The left hand points to a passage from "The Tempest." The monument has no high artistic value, being affected rather than natural.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS



THOMAS Y. CROWELL
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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are not numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS CÆSAR' is based upon chronicle, telling of the assassination of the Roman general and the civil war which followed. Cæsar is not the hero. The chief position is held by Brutus, and the final climax is attained with his death.

Julius Cæsar is accorded a popular triumph in Rome on account of his victories. Mark Antony, his friend, offers him a crown, which is declined. Meantime Cassius and other enemies of Cæsar plan a conspiracy against him and induce Brutus, a noble Roman, to join it.

In Act II some of the conspirators come to Cæsar's house to urge his attendance at the Senate, Cæsar being minded to 'beware the Ides of March' and stay at home on this ominous day.

He goes with them and (Act III) is shortly afterward stabbed by each conspirator in turn. Mark Antony obtains permission to deliver a funeral oration. Brutus speaks first and wins public approval for what has been done. Antony's speech, however, cancels this effect and sets the populace so furiously against the conspirators that they flee the city.

In Act IV Brutus and Cassius collect an army in their support against that of a triumvirate of Cæsar's

JULIUS CÆSAR

partizans. Brutus is visited by the ghost of Cæsar, who warns him that they will meet again at Philippi.

In Act V the two armies engage at Philippi, when the battle is lost to Brutus and Cassius, and both these leaders find means to end their lives.

SOURCES

As in the case of 'Coriolanus' and 'Anthonie and Cleopatra,' Shakespeare found much of his material for 'Julius Cæsar' already fashioned in prose in Sir Thomas North's celebrated version of Plutarch's 'Lives,' particularly those of Brutus, Cæsar, and Antony. The playwright not only borrowed from the biographer in the plot and catastrophes, but many of the speeches themselves are merely poetic paraphrases of North's language. Notable variations from this rule occur in the orations of Brutus and Antony over the body of Cæsar, neither of these speeches being suggested by North. No source for them is forthcoming, unless we find traces of similar thought to Antony's speech in Appian's 'History of the Civil War' (translation of 1578), and a likeness to Brutus's harangue in Belleforest's 'History of Hamlet.'

The last two sources, however, are mere conjecture, and must not give rise to the supposition that Shakespeare was slavishly indebted to earlier writers for this play. Where parallels can be found in North's Plutarch, his most direct source, the playwright's transforming touch is most evident, molding prose narrative into lines and scenes of poetic and dramatic beauty. For stage representation, also, the original chronicle is much condensed: Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the 'Lupercalia,' separated

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from it historically by six months; the two battles of Philippi, really twenty days apart, are merged into one; the assassination of Cæsar, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius are placed on the same day, though intervals actually occurred.

Plutarch states that Cæsar was killed in the Curia Pompeiana. Shakespeare places the event in the Capitol, but follows other English writers in this, the earliest being Chaucer, in his 'Monk's Tale.'

Other plays on this popular subject both preceded and followed Shakespeare's; but it is improbable that he was indebted to any predecessor. He himself is evidence that he knew of one such play. In 'Hamlet' Polonius says that in his university days he 'did enact "Julius Cæsar"' and was 'killed in the Capitol' by Brutus. Richard Edes's Latin play, 'Cæsaris Interfecti,' was played in Oxford in 1582; and this play is probably the one Shakespeare had in mind. Gosson, in his 'School of Abuse' (1579), mentions 'Cæsar and Pompey.' Machyn refers in his 'Diary' to a play on Julius Cæsar, produced as early as 1562. Henslowe's 'Diary' alludes to a production of 'Cæsar and Pompey' in 1594. Shakespeare's play called forth several rival productions, the first being by Munday, Webster, Drayton, and others, entitled 'Cæsar's Fall' (1602).

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historical period extends from the triumph of Cæsar, October, 45 B.C., to the battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

The time represented on the stage is six days, with intervals: Day 1, Act I, scenes i and ii. Interval. Day 2, Act I, scene iii. Day 3, Acts II and III.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Interval. Day 4, Act IV, scene i. Interval. Day 5, Act IV, scenes ii and iii. Interval. Day 6, Act V.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Several earlier editors, as, for example, Malone, Chalmers, and Drake, were agreed on the year 1607 as the probable date of 'Julius Cæsar.' But the most recent scholarship places it about 1601. Externally there is little evidence to go on. Weever's 'Mirror of Martyrs' (1601) contains a reference to 'Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious,' and Antony's reply, which seems to point directly to Shakespeare's drama, unless an earlier play contained similar lines. Similarly, Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' revised in 1603, contains lines suggestive of the closing speech of Antony.

This external evidence fixing the date near 1601 is supported inwardly: (1) By the remarkable suggestions of 'Hamlet,' a play of the same approximate period. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare had the subject of 'Julius Cæsar' in mind when he wrote 'Hamlet'; witness more than one direct allusion. Similar allusions occur in several of his historical plays and comedies, showing he had long pondered the subject. But in 'Hamlet' we find the same characteristics of style and treatment. Brutus and Hamlet are strikingly alike. The justification speech of Brutus, as we have seen, might possibly have been an unused speech of Hamlet's.

(2) By the versification. The scarcity of light and weak endings contrasts with the comparatively large number found in 'Anthonie and Cleopatra' and 'Coriolanus.'

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(3) By the general style. The text is an excellent example of well-balanced verse, neither quibbling or redundant, on the one hand, nor overweighted with thought, on the other.

EARLY EDITIONS

The play is entered in the 'Stationers' Register,' November 8, 1623, for the first time. Its earliest printing is the First Folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages, from page 109 to page 130, inclusive, under tragedies. It is divided into acts, but omits the scenes and *Dramatis Personæ*, which Rowe afterward supplied.

The text of the First Folio is accurate to an exceptional degree. Since there is no direct record of the play's having been acted during Shakespeare's lifetime, the excellence of the Folio version has given rise to the belief that the editors had access to the original manuscript. Another theory is that Ben Jonson revised and perhaps emended the play between 1616 and 1623, but this theory finds no adequate basis.

THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS
CÆSAR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS,
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of
 Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,
 PUBLIUS, } *senators.*
 POPILIUS LENA,

MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCA,
 TREBONIUS,
 LIGARIUS,
 DECIUS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER,
 CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius
 Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribuncs.*

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet.*

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
 TITINIUS,
 MESSALA,
 Young CATO,
 VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.]*

THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS CÆSAR



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Rome. A street.]

*Enter Flavius, Murcellus, and certaine Commoners
over the Stage.*

Flavius.

HENCE: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. [First Com.] Why Sir, a Carpenter. 10

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. [Sec. Com.] Truly Sir, in respect of a fine
Workman, I am | but as you would say, a Cobl.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with a safe

2. *Murcellus:* Marullus, and so throughout—THEOBALD.

Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. [*Mar.*] What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what Trade? 20

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, have gone upon my handy-worke. 32

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-day to see *Caesar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce?

What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome, 40

To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheelles?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?

Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements,

To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chinney tops,

Your Infants in your Armes, and there have sate

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:

19-20. verse—JOHNSON.

29. *withal* I: with awl. I—JENNENS.

38-9. 1 l.—ROWE.

And when you saw his Chariot but appeare, 50
 Have you not made an Universall shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes
 To heare the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her Concave Shores?

And do you now put on your best attyre?
 And do you now cull out a Holyday?
 And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
 That comes in Triumph over *Pompeyes* blood?
 Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees, 60
 Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
 Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
 Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
 Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
 They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse: 70
 Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
 This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
 If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.¹

Mur. May we do so? ¹ *ceremonial vestments*
 You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
 Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophees: Ile about,
 And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thicke.
 These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing, 80
 Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soare above the view of men,
 And keepe us all in servile fearefulnessse. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *A public place.*]

[*Flourish.*] Enter *Cæsar*, *Antony* for the Course,
Calphurnia, *Portia*, *De-* | *cious*, *Cicero*,
Brutus, *Cassius*, *Caska*, [*a great crowd*
following] a *Soothsayer*: *af-* | *ter*
them Murellus and *Flavius*. |

Cæs. *Calphurnia*.

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speakes.

Cæs. *Calphurnia*.

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
 When he doth run his course. *Antonio*.

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

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Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
 To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,
 The Barren touched in this holy chace,
 Shake off their sterrile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,
 When *Cæsar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

[*Flourish.*]

Sooth. *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Ha? Who calles?

Cask. Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe. 20

Cæs. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?
 I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
 Cry, *Cæsar*: Speake, *Cæsar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

1. *Calphurnia*: *Calpurnia*, and so throughout—GRANT WHITE.

8. *Antonio's*: *Antonius'*—POPE.

9, 11. *Antonio*: *Antonius*, and so throughout—POPE.

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March. 30

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Passe.

Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

Ile leave you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late: 40

I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse

And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:

You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand

Over your Friend, that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,

I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Meerely upon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my selfe, 50

Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be greev'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,

Forgets the shewes of Love to other men.

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face? 60

Brutus. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:

I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome, 70
(Except immortall *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Ages yoake,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would have me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:
And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse, 80
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:

Were I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oathes my love
To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous. 90

61-3. 2 ll. ending self, things—Rowe.

68-9. 1 l.—Rowe.

74-5. 1 l.—Rowe.

84. *Laughter*: *laugher*—Rowe.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose *Cæsar*
For their King.

Cassi. I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good, 100
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I love
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,
I had as liefè not be, as live to be 110
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, upon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, 120
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.
 But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
 I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man, 130
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* careslesly but nod on him.
 He had a Feaver when he was in Spaine,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
 How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans 140
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
 Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke *Titinius*,
 As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Majesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.

Shout.

Flourish.

Bru. Another generall shout?

I do beleeeve, that these applauses are
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*. 150

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about
 To finde our selves dishonourable Graves.
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.

The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
 But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be sounded more then yours?
 Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name: 160
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:
 Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meate doth this our *Cæsar* feede,
 That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
 When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
 But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
 When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide Walkes incompast but one man? 171
 Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
 When there is in it but one onely man.
 O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th'eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
 What you would worke me too, I have some ayme:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times 180
 I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
 I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further moov'd: What you have said,
 I will consider: what you have to say
 I will with patience heare, and finde a time
 Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a Villager,
 Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
 Under these hard Conditions, as this time 190
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
 Have strucke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Traine.

Brn. The Games are done,
 And *Cæsar* is returning.

Cassi. As they passe by,
 Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeve,
 And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to day. 200

Bru. I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,
 The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsars* brow,
 And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calpburnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
 Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
 As we have seene him in the Capitoll
 Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Caska* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar.* 210

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat,
 Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
 Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
 He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
 He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
 Yet if my name were lyable to feare,

195-8. 2 five-accent ll.—*Rowe*.

195. *Brn.*: misprint 1*F*.

212. *a*:- *o'*—*Capell*.

I do not know the man I should avoyd
 So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,
 He is a great Observer, and he lookes 221
 Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,
 As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;
 Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd, 230
 Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæsar*.
 Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
 And tell me truely, what thou think'st of him. *Sennit.*

Exeunt Cæsar and his Trainee.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake with me?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
 That *Cæsar* lookes so sad. 238

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being
 offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
 and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noyse for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, everie
 time gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine
 honest Neighbors showted. 251

235-6. verse—POPE.

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine have had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw uppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and uttered such a deale of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked *Cæsar*: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyving the bad Ayre.

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Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swoond?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cassi. No, *Cæsar* hath it not: but you, and I, And honest *Caska*, we have the Falling sicknesse.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

282

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himselfe?

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, Is hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke.

300

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th'face againe. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæsars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

311

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

287. and: An (an')—THEOBALD. 290. Is: if—2-4F.

302. and: an (an')—THEOBALD.

Cask. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize, 320
How-ever he puts on, this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives men stomacke to disgest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:
For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus. 331

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe ever with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth beare me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In severall Hands, in at his Windowes throw, 340
As if they came from severall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cæsars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

323. *disgest*: digest—3-4F.

333. *Mettle*: metal—3-4F.

325-6. 1 l.—Rowe.

[Scene iii. *The same. A street.*]

*Thunder, and Lightning. Enter [from opposite sides]
Gaska, | [with his sword drawn] and Cicero.*

Cic. Good even, *Gaska*: brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirme? O *Cicero*,
I have seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knottie Oakes, and I have seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds: 10
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Civill strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches joyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. 20
Besides, I ha'not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Upon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walke up and downe the streetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noone-day, upon the Market place,

23. *glaz'd*: *glared* (*glar'd*)—2Rowe.

Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies 30
 Doe so conjoyntly meet, let not men say,
 These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
 For I beleeeve, they are portentous things
 Unto the Clymate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
 Send word to you, he would be there to morrow. 40

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
 This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men. 50

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cassi. Those that have knowne the Earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
 And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
 Have bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
 And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
 The Brest of Heaven, I did present my selfe
 Even in the ayme, and very flash of it. 60

30. *Howting*: *Hooting*—JOHNSON. 41-3. 2 five-accent ll.—ROWE.
 52-3. verse—ROWE.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens? |

It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish us.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*:

And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you use not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heavens: 70

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,

Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,

Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,

Why all these things change from their Ordinance,

Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,

To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,

That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,

To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,

Unto some monstrous State. 80

Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,

Most like this dreadfull Night,

That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roares,

As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:

A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,

In personall action; yet prodigious growne,

And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you meane:

Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 90

Have Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;

65-9. 4 five-accent ll.—*Rowe*.

and: old men fool and—*GRANT WHITE*.

74. *Old men, Fooles,*

88-9. 1 l.—*Rowe*.

But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*: 100
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.* 110

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivitie.

Cassi. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serves 120
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answere must be made. But I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speake to *Caska*, and to such a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious¹ for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre, 130
As who goes farthest. ¹*importunate*

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element 140
Is Favors, like the Worke we have in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in haste.

Cassi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?

Cassi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate 150
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?

There's two or three of us have seene strange sights.

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,

144-5. verse-Rowe. 148-9. verse-Rowe. 152-3. 1 l.-Rowe.
155-8. 3 ll. ending are, could, party-2SINGER.

If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre, 160
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set'this up with Waxe
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cassi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.

Exit Cinna. 170

Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us goe, 180
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*]

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,

Give guesse how neere to day — *Lucius*, I say?
 I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
 When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius*: 10
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
 I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
 But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
 How that might change his nature, there's the question?
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
 And that craves warie walking: Crowne him that,
 And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
 That at his will he may doe danger with. 20
 Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
 Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Cæsar*,
 I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
 More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
 That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
 Whereto the Climber upward turnes his Face:
 But when he once attaines the upmost Round,
 He then unto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
 Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees¹
 By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may; ^{1steps} 30
 Then least he may, prevent. And since the Quarrell
 Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would runne to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
 Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

18. *Crowne him that*: Crown him? that; —CAMBRIDGE.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found 40
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Give so much light, that I may reade by them. 50

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:

Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations have beene often dropt,
Where I have tooke them up:

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome

The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King. 60

Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redresse will follow, thou receivest

Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fiftene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,

I have not slept.

70

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,

And the first motion, all the *Interim* is

Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:

The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments

Are then in councell; and the state of a man,

Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then

The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,

Who doth desire to see you.

80

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,

And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,

That by no meanes I may discover them,

By any marke of favour.¹

¹ *countenance*

Brut. Let 'em enter:

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,

89

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,

When evils are most free? O then, by day

Where wilt thou finde a Caverne darke enough,

To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,

Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:

For if thou path thy native semblance on,

Nöt *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*

Cass. I thinke we are too bold upon your Rest: 100
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I have beene up this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, *Decius Brutus*. 110

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus
Cymbér*.

Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper.*

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake
heere?

Cask. No. 120

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East

Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one. 130

Cas. And let us sweare our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weake, breake off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen, 140
What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause,
To pricke us to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it. ¹*insidious*
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous¹
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine 150
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a severall Bastardie,
If he do breake the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I thinke he will stand very strong with us. 160

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cyn. No, by no meanes.

Metel. O let us have him, for his Silver haire
Will purchase us a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his judgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not; let us not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing 170
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Cæsar*?

Cas. *Decius* well urg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes
If he improve them, may well stretch so farre
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 180
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæsar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæsars* Spirit, .
And not dismember *Cæsar*! But (alas) 190
Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtile Masters do,
Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,

And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers. 200
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæsars* Arme,
When *Cæsars* head is off.

Cas. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted love he beares to *Cæsar*.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for *Cæsar*,
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildenesse, and much company. 210

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cas. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once, 220
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Never feare that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loves to heare,
That Unicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers. 230

But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:

For I can give his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and faile not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Cæsar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*; 240
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,
And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes, 250
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With untyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,
And so good morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

260

*Por. Brutus, my Lord.**Bru. Portia:* What meane you? wherfore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit

Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently *Brutus*

Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper

You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me, with ungentle lookes. 270

I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:

Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry wafter of your hand

Gave signe for me to leave you: So I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,

Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,

Which sometime hath his houre with every man.

It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe; 280

And could it worke so much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevayl'd on your Condl'tion,

I should not know you *Brntus*. Deare my Lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.*Por.* *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,

He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: good *Portia* go to bed.*Por.* Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall274. *wafter*: *wafture*—Rowe.282. *Condl'tion*: misprint 1F.283. *Brntus*: *Brutus*—2-4F.

To walke unbraced, and sucke up the humours 290
 Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?
 And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
 To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
 And tempt the Rhewmy, and unpurged Ayre,
 To adde unto hit sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,
 You have some sicke Offence within your minde,
 Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
 I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
 I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
 By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow 300
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
 Why you are heavy: and what men to night
 Have had resort to you: for heere have beene
 Some sixe or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets 310
 That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
 But as it were in sort, or limitation?
 To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
 And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
 As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall, 321

A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
 A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
 Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
 Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
 Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
 I have made strong prooffe of my Constancie,
 Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
 Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
 And not my Husbands Secrets? 331

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
 Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
 And by and by thy bosome shall partake
 The secrets of my Heart.
 All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
 All the Charractery of my sad browes:
 Leave me with hast. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius. 340

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caius*
 To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Cai. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*, 350
 Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
 Brave Sonne, deriv'd from Honourable Loines,
 Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
 And I will strive with things impossible,
 Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
 That will make sicke men whole. 360

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
 To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
 And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
 To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
 That *Brutus* leads me on.

Thunder.

Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *Cæsar's house.*]

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gowne.

Cæsar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
 Have beene at peace to night:
 Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,
 Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
 And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord.

10
Exit

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæsar*? 'Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
'The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Calp. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seene, 20
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yeelded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood upon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shricke and squeale about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use, 30
And I do feare them.

Cæs. What can be avoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

Cæs. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard, 40
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

24. *fight*: fought—GRANT WHITE.

28. *do*: did—2-4F.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart 50
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne. 60
Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee, prevaile in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. *Cæsar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 70
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?

Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:

Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so. 81

Cæs. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:

She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,

Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts

Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it: 90

And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:

Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke

Reviving blood, and that great men shall presse

For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.

This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified. 101

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now, the Senate have concluded

To give this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæsar*.

86. *wife*: misprint 1F. 87. *Statue*: *statua*-STEEVENS (1793).

If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 Breake up the Senate, till another time:
 When *Cæsars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
 If *Cæsar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper 111
 Loe *Cæsar* is affraid?

Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my deere deere love
 To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calburnia*?
 I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
 Give me my Robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebo-
 nius, Cynna, and Publius.* 120

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too?
 Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne're so much your enemy,
 As that same Age which hath made you leane.
 What is't a Clocke?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight. 129

Cæs. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Revels long a-nights
 Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Cæsar*

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,

I have an houres talke in store for you:

Remember that you call on me to day:

Be neere me, that I may remember you. 140

Treb. *Cæsar* I will: [*Aside*] and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O
Cæsar, |

The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke upon. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *A street near the Capitol.*]

Enter Artemidorus [*reading a paper*].

[*Art.*] *Cæsar*, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cas-*
sius; come not | neere *Caska*, have an eye to *Cynna*,
trust not *Trebonius*, marke | well *Metellus Cymber*,
Decius Brutus loves thee not: *T'hou* | hast wrong'd
Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all |
these men, and it is bent against *Cæsar*: If thou beest
not Im- | mortall, looke about you: Security gives way to
Conspiracie. | The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus*.

Heere will I stand, till *Cæsar* passe along, 10

And as a Sutor will I give him this:

My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live

Out of the teeth of Emulation.

If thou reade this, O *Cæsar*, thou mayest live;

If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans minde, but a womans might: 10
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam. 20

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll? 30

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance: 40

Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:

The throng that followes *Cæsar* at the heeles,

Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,

Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:

Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there

Speake to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit*

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weake a thing

The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,

The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize. 50

Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite

That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:

Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

37-8. verse—POPE.

39-40. 1 l.—POPE.

47-8. 1 l.—ROWE.

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*]

Flourish.

Enter [a crowd of people,] Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Tre- | bonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, [Popilius] Artimedorus, Pub- | lius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer*] The Ides of March are come. |

Sooth. I *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Cæsar*: Read this Scedule.

Deci. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leysure) this his humble suite. 10

Art. O *Cæsar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Cæsar* neerer. Read it great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our selfe, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cassi. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.

[*Cæsar goes to the Senate-House, the rest following.*]

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cassi. What enterprize *Popillius*? 20

Popil. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said *Popillius Lena*?

Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæsar*: marke him.

Artimedorus: misprint 1F.

Cassi. *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare prevention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turne backe,
 For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant: 30

Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
 For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cassi. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
 He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
 And presently preferre his suite to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
 That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse? 40

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
 An humble heart. [*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee *Cymber*:
 These couchings,¹ and these lowly courtesies
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men, ¹*crouchings*
 And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
 Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
 To thinke that *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality 50
 With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
 Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
 Thy Brother by decree is banished:
 If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
 I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother? 60

Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Have an immediate freedome of repeale.

Cæs. What *Brutus*?

Cassi. Pardon *Cæsar*: *Cæsar* pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge infranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moove, Prayers would moove me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre, 70
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with unnumbered sparkes,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he, 80
Let me a little shew it, even in this:

That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cinna. O *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?

Cask. Speake hands for me.

They [*Casca first, then the other Conspirators
and Marcus Brutus*] stab *Cæsar*. |

Cæs. *Et Tu Brutè?*——Then fall *Cæsar*. *Dyes*

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead, 91
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny. 100

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Cæsars*
Should chance ——

Bru. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.

Cassi. And leave us *Publius*, least that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

110

Cassi. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand upon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: 120
So are we *Cæsars* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood

Up to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborne, and Accents yet unknowne? 130

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?

Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cassi. I, every man away.
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome. 140

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony* 150
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,

Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,
I never thought him worse:

Tell him, so please him come unto this place 160

He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor

Depart untouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet have I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiving still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes *Antony*:

Welcome *Mark Antony*. 170

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.

I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:

If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit

As *Cæsars* deaths houre; nor no Instrument

Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.

I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard, 180

Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,

Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres,

I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.

No place will please me so, no meane of death,

As heere by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,

The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of us:

Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
 As by our hands, and this our present Acte
 You see we do: Yet see you but our hands, 190
 And this, the bleeding businesse they have done:
 Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
 And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
 As fire drives out fire, so pittie, pittie
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you, our Swords have leaden points *Marke Antony*:
 Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
 Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
 With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans, 200
 In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd
 The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
 And then, we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strooke him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.
 Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
 Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand; 210
 Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
 Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*
 Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
 That I did love thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
 If then thy Spirit looke upon us now,
 Shall it not greeve thee deerer then thy death, 220

209. *Flrst*: misprint 1F.

To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
 Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, then to close
 In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me *Julius*, heere was't thou bay'd brave Hart,
 Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee. 230
 O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
 And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
 How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
 Dost thou heere lye?

Cassi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Caius Cassius:

The Enemies of *Cæsar*, shall say this:
 Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

*Cassi. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
 But what compact meane you to have with us? 240
 Will you be prick'd¹ in number of our Friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you? ^{1 marked}*

*Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.*

*Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle:
 Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you Antony, the Sonne of Cæsar, 250
 You should be satisfied.*

*Ant. That's all I seeke,
 And am moreover sutor, that I may
 Produce his body to the Market-place,*

And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cassi. *Brutus*, a word with you:

[*Aside to Brutus*] You know not what you do; Do
not consent |

That *Antony* speake in his Funerall: 260

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon:

I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong. 270

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Cæsars* body:

You shall not in your Funerall speech blame us,
But speake all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so: 280

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

[*Ant.*] O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
 Over thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
 (Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips, 290
 To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
 A Curse shall light upon the limbes of men;
 Domesticke Fury, and fierce Civill strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadfull Objects so familiar,
 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
 All pittty choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
 And *Cæsars* Spirit ranging for Revenge, 300
 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
 Cry havocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
 That this foule deede, shall smell above the earth
 With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavio's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming, 310
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O *Cæsar!* [Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
 Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
 Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,

306. *Octavio's*: *Octavius'*, and so throughout—POPE.

314. *from: for*—2-4F.

318-19. 1 l.—ROWE.

And tell him what hath chanc'd:
 Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 320
 No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
 Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course
 Into the Market place: There shall I try
 In my Oration, how the People take
 The cruell issue of these bloody men,
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To yong *Octavius*, of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. *Exeunt [with Cæsar's body]*

[Scene ii. *The Forum.*]

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians [a throng of Citizens].

Plc. [Cits.] We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

Cassius go you into the other streete,

And part the Numbers:

Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,

And publike Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Cæsars* death. 10

1. *Plc. [Cit.]* I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. *[Cit.]* I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their
 Reasons, |

When severally we heare them rendred.

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.
 Brutus goes into the pulpit.]*

3. *[Cit.]* The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my
 cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeve me for

mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeeve. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar*, was nolesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all Slaves; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not love his Countrey? If any, speake, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All: None *Brutus*, none.

37

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforce'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony [and others], with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dag-

ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death. 50

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. [*Cit.*] Bring him with Triumph home unto his house. |

2. [*Cit.*] Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. [*Cit.*] Let him be *Cæsar*.

4. [*Cit.*] *Cæsars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. [*Cit.*] Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. [*Cit.*] Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes. 60

1. [*Cit.*] Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke. *Exit*

1 [*Cit.*] Stay ho, and let us heare *Mark Antony*.

3 [*Cit.*] Let him go up into the publike Chaire, 70
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*]

4 [*Cit.*] What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 [*Cit.*] He sayes, for *Brutus* sake
He findes himselfe beholding to us all.

4 [*Cit.*] 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus*
heere? |

1 [*Cit.*] This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 [*Cit.*] Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 [*Cit.*] Peace, let us heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans. 81

All. Peace hoe, let us heare him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:

The evill that men do, lives after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greivous Fault,

And greivously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it. 90

Heere, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and just to me;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:

Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious? 100

When that the poore have cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke, 110

But heere I am, to speake what I do know;

You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?

O Judgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,
 And Men have lost their Reason. Beare with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

1 [*Cit.*] Me thinkes there is much reason in his say-
 ings. |

2 [*Cit.*] If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar ha's had great wrong. 120

3 [*Cit.*] Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse
 come in his place. |

4. [*Cit.*] Mark'd ye his words? he would not take
 the Crown, |

Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. [*Cit.*] If it be found so, some will deere abide it.

2. [*Cit.*] Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping. |

3. [*Cit.*] There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *An-*
tony. |

4. [*Cit.*] Now marke him, he begins againe to
 speake. |

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have stood against the World: Now lies he there,
 And none so poore to do him reverence. 130

O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:

114. are: art-2-4F.

120-1. 2 ll. ending masters, place-CAPELL.

Let but the Commons heare this Testament: 140
 (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
 And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,
 And dip their Napkins¹ in his Sacred Blood;
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
 And dying, mention it within their Willes,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie ¹ *handkerchiefs*
 Unto their issue.

4 [Cit.] Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*. |

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you: 151
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

4 [Cit.] Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
 You shall reade us the Will, *Cæsars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
 I have o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it, 160
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
 Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

4 [Cit.] They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2 [Cit.] They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will,
 read the | Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave? 170

All. [Several Cits.] Come downe.

2 [Cit.] Descend.

3 [*Cit.*] You shall have leave.

[*Antony comes down.*]

4 [*Cit.*] A Ring, stand round.

1 [*Cit.*] Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body. |

2 [*Cit.*] Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay presse not so upon me, stand farre off.

All. [*Several Cits.*] Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you have teares, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember 180

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,

That day he overcame the *Nervii*.

Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:

See what a rent the envious *Caska* made:

Through this, the wel-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,

As rushing out of doores, to be resolv'd

If *Brutus* so unkindely knock'd, or no: 190

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.

Judge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lov'd him:

This was the most unkindest cut of all.

For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,

Even at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue

(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen? 200

Then I, and you, and all of us fell downe,

Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weepe, and I perceive you feele

198. *Statue: statua*—STEEVENS (1793).

The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. [*Cit.*] O pitteous spectacle!

2. [*Cit.*] O Noble *Cæsar*!

3. [*Cit.*] O wofull day! 210

4. [*Cit.*] O Traitors, Villaines!

1. [*Cit.*] O most bloody sight!

2. [*Cit.*] We will be reveng'd: [*All.*] Revenge

About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. [*Cit.*] Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. [*Cit.*] Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l
 dy with | him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
 you up | 220

To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that have done this Deede, are honourable.

What private greefes they have, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man

That love my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gave me publike leave to speake of him: 230

For I have neyther writ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,

To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:

I tell you that, which you your selves do know,

Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths

And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
 In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny. 240

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1 [*Cit.*] Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

3 [*Cit.*] Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
 Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you of. 249

All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Will

Ant. Heere is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seale

To every Roman Citizen he gives,

To every severall man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2 *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l revenge his
 death. |

3 *Ple.* [*Cit.*] O Royall *Cæsar*.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
 His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
 On this side Tyber, he hath left them you, 260
 And to your heyres for ever: common pleasures
 To walke abroad, and recreate your selves.

Heere was a *Cæsar*: when comes such another?

1. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Never, never: come, away, away:
 Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
 And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
 Take up the body.

2. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Go fetch fire.

3. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Plucke downe Benches. 269

4. *Ple.* [*Cit.*] Plucke downe Formes, Windowes,
any thing. | *Exit Plebeians* [*Citizens with the body*].

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 280
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *A street.*]

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie:
I have no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet something leads me foorth.

[*Enter Citizens.*]

1. [*Cit.*] What is your name?

2. [*Cit.*] Whether are you going?

3. [*Cit.*] Where do you dwell?

4. [*Cit.*] Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. [*Cit.*] Answer every man directly. 10

1. [*Cit.*] I, and breefely.

4. [*Cit.*] I, and wisely.

3. [*Cit.*] I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer every man, directly and breesely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2 [*Cit.*] That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mar- | rie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: pro-
ceede di- | rectly. 20

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsars* Funerall.

1. [*Cit.*] As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. [*Cit.*] That matter is answered directly.

4. [*Cit.*] For your dwelling: breiefely.

Cinna. Breiefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. [*Cit.*] Your name sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. [*Cit.*] Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. [*Cit.*] Teare him for his bad verses, teare him
for his bad | Verses. 32

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. [*Cit.*] It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke
but his | name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. [*Cit.*] Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe,
Firebrands: | to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to
Decius House, | and some to *Caska's*; some to *Liga-*
rius: Away, go. | *Exeunt all the Plebeians.*

16. *breesely*: misprint 1F.

Actus Quartus.[Scene i. *A house in Rome.*]*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus [seated at a table].**Ant.* These many then shall die, their names are prickt¹*Octa.* Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?*Lep.* I do consent. ¹*marked**Octa.* Pricke him downe *Antony*.*Lep.* Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony*.*Ant.* He shall not live; looke, with a spot I dam him.But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* house: 10

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?*Octa.* Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus**Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit

The three-fold World divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him,

And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye 20

In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seene more dayes then you,

And though we lay these Honours on this man,

To ease our selves of divers sland'rous loads,

He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,

To groane and swet under the Businesse,

Either led or driven, as we point the way:

And having brought our Treasure, where we will,

Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off

(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares, 30

And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: 40
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of use, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octavius*,
Listen great things. *Brntus* and *Cassius*
Are levyng Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let us presently go sit in Councell, 50
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*]

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucillius* [*Lucius*], and the
Army. Titinius | and *Pindarus* meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Give the word ho, and Stand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere?

42. *Objects, Arts; abjects, orts*—STAUNTON.

46. *Brntus; Brutus*—2-4F.

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish 10
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conferenc 20
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucillius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre, 30
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Jades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along. 40

[1 *Sol.*] Stand.

[2 *Sol.*] Stand.

[3 *Sol.*] Stand.

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well. 50

Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will give you Audience.

Cassi. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucillius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt* 61

[Scene iii. *Brutus's tent.*]

Manet [*Enter*] *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Cassi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brn. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

6. *was: were*—MALONE.

7. *Brn.*: misprint 1F.

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice¹ offence should beare his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe 10
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold ¹slight
To Undeservers.

Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleede for Justice sake? 21
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What? Shall one of Us,
That stricke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman. 30

Cassi. *Brutus*, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cassi. Urge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

15. *speakes*: *speak*—POPE.

31. *baite*: *bay*—THEOBALD.

Bru. Away slight man.

41

Cassi. Is't possible?

Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I give way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaves how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch 50
Under your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men. 60

Cass. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me. |

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted
him. |

Cassi. I durst not.

Bru. No.

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him? 70

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes: 80
By Heaven, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Covetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts, 90
Dash him to peeces.

Cassi. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassi. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults. 100

Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,

Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
 Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
 To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe 110
 My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
 And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
 Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:
 If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it forth.
 I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
 Strike as thou did'st at *Cæsar*: For I know,
 When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loved'st him
 better |

Then ever thou loved'st *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope: 120
 Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
 O *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
 That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
 Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
 And straite is cold agen.

Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd

To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill remper'd too.

Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. 131

Cassi. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cassi. Have not you love enough to beare with me,
 When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
 Makes me forgetfull.

Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

140

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

[*Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.*]

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Love, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I have seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?

Bru. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence. 151

Cas. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these Jigging Fooles?
Companion,¹ hence.

¹ fellow

Cas. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Bru. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come yourselves, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*] 160

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine. [*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidentall evils.

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha? *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse! 170
Upon what sicknesse?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy [Lucius] with Wine, and Tapers. 180

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius.* *Drinckes*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius:* [*Exit Lucius.*]
Welcome good *Messala:*

Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities. 190

Cas. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have heere received Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, 200
 Have put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
 Mine speake of seventy Senators, that dy'de
 By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. *Cicero* one?

Messa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
 Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*. 210

Messa. That me thinkes is strange.

Bru. Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Messa. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
 For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We must die *Messala*:
 With meditating that she must dye once,
 I have the patience to endure it now. 220

Messa. Even so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
 But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke alive. What do you thinke
 Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemie seeke us,

So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers, 230
 Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better:
 The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
 For they have grug'd us Contribution.
 The Enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:
 From which advantage shall we cut him off. 240
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
 These people at our backe.

Cassi. Heare me good Brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
 That we have tride the utmost of our Friends:
 Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
 The Enemy encreaseth every day,
 We at the height, are readie to decline.
 There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune: 250
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
 Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
 On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or loose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
 Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deepe of night is crept upon our talke,
 And Nature must obey Necessitie,
 Which we will niggard with a little rest: 260
 There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,
 Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

256-7. new l. at We'll—CAPELL.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: [*Exit Lucius.*] farewell
good *Messala*, |

Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'twene our soules: 270
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Brn. Every thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

T'it. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewell every one. *Exeunt.*

Give me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 280

Poore knave I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,

Ile have them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, 290
And watch your pleasure.

273. *Brn.*: misprint 1F.

282, 284. *Claudio*: *Claudius*, and so throughout—Rowe.

284. *Varrus*: *Varro*, and so throughout—Rowe. 290-1. 1 l.—Pope.

Bru. I will it not have it so: Lye downe good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold up thy heavie eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.

300

Bru. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brut. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

310

This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumbler!

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knave good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou do'st not, thou break'st thy Instrument,

Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the Leafe turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?

I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

321

292. *will it not: will not*-2-4F.

That shapes this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Divell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evill Spirit *Brutus*?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe? 330

Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.

Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:

Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord. 340

Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucus*, that thou so cryedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, [*To Var.*]

Fellow, |

Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clæu. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe? 350

Both. Did we my Lord?

341. *Lucus*: *Lucius*—2-4F.

341-2. verse—POPE.

346-7. new l. at Fellow—CAPELL.

349. *Clæu.*: *Clau.*—2-4F.

Bru. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *The plains of Philippi.*]

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne us at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content 10
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull bravery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, leade your Battaile softly on 20
Upon the left hand of the even Field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.¹

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

¹ exigency

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

[*Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.*]

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

Octa. *Mark Antony*, shall we give signe of Battaile?

Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words. 30

Oct. Stirre not untill the Signall.

Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.

An. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words

Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,

Crying long live, Haile *Cæsar*.

Cassi. *Antony*,

The posture of your blowes are yet unknowne;

But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees, 40

And leave them Hony-lesse.

Ant. Not stinglesse too.

Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:

For you have stolne their buzzing *Antony*,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete; 50

Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde

48. *teethes*: *teeth*-3-4F.

48-9. 1 l.—*Rowe*.

Strooke *Cæsar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us swet,
The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes up againe?
Never till *Cæsars* three and thirtie wounds 60
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Unlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Joyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller. 70

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:

The Storme is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you. 80

Lucillius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cassi. Messala.

Messa. What sayes my Generall?

Cassi. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Give me thy hand *Messala*:

Be thou my witnesse, that against my will

(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set

Upon one Battell all our Liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

90

And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who to *Philippi* heere consorted us:

This Morning are they fled away, and gone,

And in their steeds, do Ravens, Crowes, and Kites

Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on us

As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme 100

A Canopy most fatall, under which

Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeve not so.

Cassi. I but beleeve it partly,

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucillius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,

The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may

Lovers in peace, leade on our dayes to age. 110

But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this Battaile, then is this

The very last time we shall speake together:

85. new l. at This—POPE.

111. rests: rest—ROWE.

What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent¹ 120
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That governe us below. ^{1 anticipate}

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day 130
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come: 141
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

126. *Thorow*: Thorough—CAMBRIDGE.

127-8. 1 l.—ROWE.

[Scene ii. *The same. The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Billes
Unto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavio's* wing:
And sodaine push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

[Scene iii. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whil'st we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

10

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troopes

And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd 20
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought. *Exit.*

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes? 30

Pind. [Above] *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*

And hearke, they shout for joy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus. 40

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword [*Pindarus stabs him.*]——*Cæ-*
sar, thou art reveng'd, |

Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*] 50

Pin. So, I am free,

Yet would not so have beene

Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*,

Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*

Is overthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,

As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*. 60

Messa. Where did you leave him.

Titin. All disconsolate,

With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,

But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:

As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set. 70

The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,

Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:

Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.

O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:

Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O Error soone conceyv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy byrth,

But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet 81
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why did'st thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they 90
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not heare their
showts? |

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, yong *Cato*, 100
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillius*.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slaine.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
Looke where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*. 110

110. *where: whether*—CAMBRIDGE.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, far thee well:
 It is impossible, that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
 To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
 I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.
 Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,
 His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
 Least it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
 And come yong *Cato*, let us to the Field, 120
Labio and *Flavio* set our Battailes on:
 'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
 We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,
 and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
 I will proclaime my name about the Field.
 I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
 A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
 I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

[*Bru.*] And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I, 10
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
 Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,
 And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

[1.] *Sold.* Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:

[*Offering money.*]

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

[1.] *Sold.* We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

20

2. *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1. *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do finde him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.

30

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,

Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have

Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,

And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent:

How every thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

[Scene v. *Another part of the field.*]

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.*

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit. *Statillius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.

Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*. [*Whispers.*]

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Brut. Peace then, no words. 10

Clit. Ile rather kill my selfe.

Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*. [*Whispers.*]

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of grieve,
That it runnes over even at his eyes. 19

Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two severall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes, 29
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: *Low Alarums*.
It is more worthy, to leape in our selves,
Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe: 40
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
 My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this loosing day
 More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine unto.
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
 Hath almost ended his lives History:
 Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre. 50

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru. Hence: I will follow:

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. [*Runs on his sword.*]

—*Cæsar*, now be still, | 60
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony, Octavius, Messala,*
Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
 For *Brutus* onely overcame himselfe,

And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true, 71

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. I, if *Messala* will preferre¹ me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*. ¹*recommend*

Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messa. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators save onely hee, 81

Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octa. According to his Vertue, let us use him
Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly, 90

Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
MACBETH

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH' relates the evil ways pursued by unprincipled ambition and the stern justice visited upon crime.

Macbeth, a Scottish general, is met by witches, who promise him the crown of Scotland. The prediction causes him and his wife to plot against the life of King Duncan.

While on a visit to Macbeth's castle (Act II) the king is murdered. His two sons flee the country, and Macbeth accuses them of the deed, to divert suspicion from himself. Macbeth is crowned king.

The new monarch seeks next to murder Banquo, a powerful general to whose issue the witches had promised the throne (Act III). Banquo is slain, and his ghost shortly appears at a banquet given by Macbeth.

In Act IV Macbeth visits the witches and obtains further predictions leading him to suppose that he bears a charmed life. He therefore wages a furious campaign against his enemies, the supporters of the late king, who are beginning to make headway against him.

In Act V Macduff, the opposing general, finally meets him in battle. The charm under which Mac-

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beth had fought proves valueless, and he is slain in a personal encounter with Macduff.

SOURCES

‘Macbeth’ is the union of two stories found in Holinshed’s ‘Chronicles of England and Scotland’ (1577, 1587). Holinshed’s authority was Hector Boece, whose ‘*Scotorum Historiæ*’ appeared in 1526. And Boece, in turn, reverted to Fordun, a writer of the fourteenth century. The two stories are, first, that of Macbeth, whose historical career nearly tallies with the part assigned him in the play; and, second, the murder of King Duffe — an ancestor of Lady Macbeth, who reigned three quarters of a century before Duncan — by Donwald in revenge for real or supposed injuries. The details of Duffe’s murder were interpolated into the story of Duncan with powerful dramatic effect. Holinshed is followed closely in both narratives, not only as to general plot, but also in the preservation of minor incidents such as the occurrence of omens and prodigies at the time of Duncan’s death; and, on occasion, the language itself of the ‘Chronicles’ is paraphrased. The suggestion for the character of Lady Macbeth also originates with Holinshed, but only as a suggestion. Shakespeare’s chief variation is in his delineation of Banquo.

Beyond the rough historical materials which Shakespeare uses freely but transmutes into a splendid tragedy all his own, the playwright does not appear to be indebted to any other source for ‘Macbeth,’ with the single possible exception of a play entitled ‘The Witch,’ written by Thomas Middleton. The incantation scenes in the two plays are so similar as to cause

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some critics to believe that Middleton had a hand in 'Macbeth.' There are no means of ascertaining which play is the earlier, but the stage directions in 'Macbeth' contain allusions to two songs included in 'The Witch,' 'Come away, come away,' and 'Black spirits and white.' This proves nothing, however, as Middleton might easily have taken these suggestions from Shakespeare and expanded them.

Witchcraft was a popular subject at this time, and Shakespeare might have obtained ideas from other sources since extinct. We know of at least one preserved source accessible to him — Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' (1584). King James was a believer in witches, and published his 'Demonologie' in 1599, in answer to Scot's doubts. In 1604 a statute was enacted to suppress witches.

Slight traces of an older play exist. Kempe, in his 'Nine Days' Wonder' (1600), alludes to 'the miserable story of Mac-doel, or Mac-dobeth.' A ballad or stage play bearing the latter title was registered in 1596.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The period of the action is the middle of the eleventh century. Duncan was murdered about 1040, and Macbeth was slain about 1060.

The stage time is nine days, with intervals, as follows: Day 1, Act I, scenes i-iii. Day 2, Act I, scenes iv-vii. Day 3, Act II, scenes i-iv. Interval. Day 4, Act III, scenes i-v. Interval, scene vi (?). Day 5, Act IV, scene i. Day 6, Act IV, scene ii. Interval. Day 7, Act IV, scene iii, Act V, scene i. Interval. Day 8, Act V, scenes ii and iii. Day 9, Act V, scenes iv-viii.

MACBETH

DATE OF COMPOSITION

‘Macbeth’ was written between the years 1603 and 1610. The former date is fixed by the allusion to the union of England, Ireland, and Scotland under James I, in Act IV, scene i, ‘twofold balls and treble sceptres.’ James ascended the English throne March, 1603. The later year is determined by an entry in the ‘Diary’ of a contemporary, Dr. Simon Forman, which states that ‘Macbeth’ was performed at the Globe, April 20, 1610. In 1607 ‘The Puritan’ appeared, with a probable reference to Banquo’s ghost. In 1606 the ‘Historie of Makbeth’ was inserted in ‘Albion’s England’—possibly on account of the popularity of Shakespeare’s play with its reference to the reigning monarch. In 1605 King James, while visiting Oxford, was met by three students personating the three weird sisters, who recited a Latin colloquy in which he was named as the descendant of Banquo, who was to reign. This last incident may, indeed, have suggested the subject to Shakespeare, if it were not, in turn, suggested by his play. In any event, it is certain that he found the subject popular on the accession of King James, and it is probable that he tempered the character of Banquo—historically a partizan of Macbeth—in compliment to the king.

The play was written, in all probability, in 1605-6.

Internal evidence supports this date. The comparatively large number of light endings in the meter places it later than ‘Julius Cæsar’ and ‘Hamlet,’ and near the beginning of the fourth period of production.

EARLY EDITIONS

‘Macbeth’ found its first printing in the First Folio

Macbeth F

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edition of 1623, being entered by the Folio editors in the 'Stationers' Register.' It occupies twenty-one pages, from page 131 to page 151, inclusive, under tragedies. It is divided into acts and scenes, but lacks the *Dramatis Personæ*, which was supplied by Rowe. The text is more than usually faulty, and has aroused much editorial revision and conjecture, but since no earlier Quarto exists for parallel study, the task has not been easy, or of assured result. The editors of the Second Folio, 1632, made some tentative changes. The trouble probably originated with the author himself, since the play gives evidence of being 'hot writ,' by one who had his subject well in hand, but who did not trouble with surface finish. This appearance of haste also caused the belief that Middleton or another writer had worked on the manuscript before it reached the printers of the First Folio.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *generals of the king's army.*

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the
English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Boy, *son to Macduff.*

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*]

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*A desert place.*]

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. **W**HEN shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

2. When the Hurley-burley's¹ done, ¹ *tumult*
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.

3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1. Where the place?

2. Upon the Heath.

3. There to meet with *Macbeth*. 10

1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.

*All. Paddock*² calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is
faire, | ² *toad*

Hover through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

12-13. *All. Paddock, etc.*: 2 *Witch. Paddock calls.* 3 *Witch.*
Anon. All. Fair ... air—GRANT WHITE.

Scena Secunda.[*A camp near Forres.*]

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captivitie: Haile brave friend; 10
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme upon him) from the Westernne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd, ¹*prey*
And Fortune on his damned Quarry¹ smiling, 20
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For brave *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slave:
Which nev'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,

4. *Captaine: Sergeant*—CAMBRIDGE.

19. *Gallowgrosses: gallowglasses* (Gallow glasses)—2-4F.

20. *Quarry: quarrel*—HANMER.

27. *nev'r: ne'er*—KNIGHT. *bad: bade*—STEEVENS (1778).

Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman. 30

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquob? 41

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe. 50

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.

28. to th' Chops: to the Chaps—REED.

32. Thunders: thunders break—POPE (thunders breaking—2-4F.)

38. furbusht: furbish'd (furbisht)—ROWE.

39-43. 3-ll. ending this, yes, lion—POPE.

45-6. new l. at Doubly—GLOBE. 49-50. new l. at But—ROWE.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From Fiffe, great King, 60

Where the Norwegian Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on us. 70

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now, *Sweno*, the Norwayes King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynh,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. Ile see it done. 80

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.

Exeunt.

56-8. 2 ll. ending look, *King*-HANMER.

62-3. 2 ll. ending himself, numbers-GLOBE.

70-3. 2 ll. ending now, composition-STEEVENS (1778).

Scena Tertia.[*A heath near Forres.*]*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
 And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
 Give me, quoth I.

Aroynt¹ thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon² cries.
 Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
 But in a Syve Ile thither sayle, ¹ *begone* 11
 And like a Rat without a tayle, ² *term of contempt*
 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile give thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe have all the other,
 And the very Ports they blow,
 All the Quarters that they know,
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.

20

Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
 Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
 Hang upon his Pent-house Lid:
 He shall live a man forbid:³

³ *accursed*

Wearie Sev'nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
 Though his Barke cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
 Looke what I have.

7-8. 1 l.—POPE.

15. *Th'art*: Thou'rt—CAPELL.21. *Ile*: I will—POPE.25. *Sev'nights*: se'nnights—KNIGHT.

2. Shew me, shew me. 30

1. Here I have a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound up. 40

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to understand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Upon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete 50
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *T'hane* of Glamis.

2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *T'hanc* of Cawdor.

3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantastickall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction 60

35. *weyward*: weird—THEOBALD.

43. *Soris*: Forres (Foris)—POPE.

Of Noble having,¹ and of Royall hope, ¹ *property*
 That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
 If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
 And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
 Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
 Your favors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

1 Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

70

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
 By *Sinells* death, I know I am *T'hane* of Glamis,
 But how, of Cawdor? the *T'hane* of Cawdor lives
 A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
 Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
 No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence 80
 You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
 Upon this blasted Heath you stop our way
 With such Prophetique greeting?
 Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
 And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
 Melted, as breath into the Winde.
 Would they had stay'd. 89

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane² Root, ² *causing insanity*
 That takes the Reason Prisoner?

62. *wrapt*: *rapt*—POPE.

83-4. 1 l.—POPE.

87-9. 2 ll. ending *melted*, *stay'd*—CAPELL.

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth'selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight, 100
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th'selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and every one did beare
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent, 110
To give thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In which addition,¹ haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine. 1 title

Banq. What, can the Devill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes? 120

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,

106. *death, as:* death. AS—POPE. *Tale:* hail—ROWE.

107. *Can:* Came—ROWE.

115. *bad:* bade—2THEOBALD.

119-21. 2 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.

But under heavie Judgement beares that Life,
 Which he deserves to loose.
 Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
 Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
 And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
 In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
 But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrowne him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor: 130
 The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines.

[*To Ross and Angus*]

[*To Ban.*] Doe you not hope your Children shall be
 Kings, |

When those that gave the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle¹ you unto the Crowne, ^{1 incite}
 Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
 The Instruments of Darknesse tell us Truths,
 Winne us with honest Trifles, to betray's 140
 In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two Truths are told,
 As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
 Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:

[*Aside*] This supernaturall solliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good. ^{2 temptation}

If ill? why hath it given me earnest of succeſſe, 148
 Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.

If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,²
 Whose horrid Image doth unfixe my Heire,

123-7. 1 l. ending combined, and 3 five-accent ll.—MALONE.

147-8. 2 five-accent ll.—ROWE.

And make my seated¹ Heart knock at my Ribbes,
 Against the use of Nature? Present Feares ¹*fixed*
 Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
 My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastically,
 Shakes so my single state of Man,
 That Function is smother'd in surmise,
 And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If Chance will have me King, 160
 Why Chance may Crowne me,
 Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come upon him
 Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
 Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay upon your leysure.

Macb. Give me your favour: 170
 My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
 Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
 Where every day I turne the Leafe,
 To reade them.

Let us toward the King: thinke upon
 What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
 The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speake
 Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough: 180
 Come friends. *Exeunt.*

156-9. 3 five-accent ll.—POPE.

170-6. 5 five-accent ll.—POPE.

160-1. 1 l.—ROWE.

180-1. 1 l.—POPE.

Scena Quarta.[*Forres. The palace.*]*Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
Donalbaine and Attendants.**King.* Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?*Mal.* My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance: 10
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.*King.* There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.* 20O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have beene mine: onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.4. l. ends *Are* not—CAPELL.5. *Or: Are*—2-4F.5-12. *those, etc.*: 7 five-accent ll.—POPE. 14. *away*: away—2-4F.

Macb. The service, and the loyaltie I owe,
 In doing it, payes it selfe. 30
 Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
 And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
 Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should,
 By doing every thing safe toward your Love
 And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
 That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be knowne
 No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee, 40
 And hold thee to my Heart.

Banq. There if I grow,
 The Harvest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Joyes,
 Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our Estate upon
 Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
 The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must 50
 Not unaccompanied, invest him onely,
 But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Envernes,
 And binde us further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not us'd for you:
 Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make joyfull
 The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
 So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland: that is
 a step, | 60

30-6. 5 ll. ending part, and our duties, servants, thing,
 hither—POPE.

53. *Envernes*: Inverness—POPE.

On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
 For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
 Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
 The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
 Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
 And in his commendations, I am fed:
 It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome: 69
 It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

[*Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*]

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of successe: and I have
 learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them,
 then | mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to
 question them | further, they made themselves Ayre, into
 which they vanish'd. | Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder
 of it, came Missives from | the King, who all-hail'd me
 Thane of Cawdor, by which Title | before, these wey-
 ward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to | the com-
 ming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This |
 have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of
 Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of rejoyc-
 ing | by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd
 thee. Lay | it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
 It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
 To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
 Art not without Ambition, but without 19

9. *weyward; weird*—THEOBALD.

The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.

Thould'st have, great Glamys, that which cryes,
'Thus thou must doe, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue ^{1 crown}
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,¹
Which Fate and Metaphysicall² ayde doth seeme 30
To have thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
What is your tidings? ^{2 supernatural}

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming: |

One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Message. 40

Lady. Give him tending,

He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*

The Raven himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall³ thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood, ^{3 murderous}
Stop up th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,

22-4. 2 ll. ending Glamis, have it—POPE.

24-6. *Thus .. undone* marked as quotation—POPE.

31-2. 1 l.—CAPELL.

42-3. 1 l.—ROWE.

That no compunctious visitings of Nature 50
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
 Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
 And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
 Where-ever, in your sightlesse¹ substances, ¹ *invisible*
 You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
 And pall² thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell, ² *wrap*
 That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
 Nor Heaven peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
 To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor, 60
 Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
 Thy Letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feele now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,
 Shall Sunne that Morrow see. 70

Your Face, my *T'hane*, is as a Booke, where men
 May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
 Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
 Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
 But be the Serpent under't. He that's comming,
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
 Give solely soveraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further. 80

Lady. Onely looke up cleare:

52. *but*: it-3-4F. 72-3. *matters, to beguile the time. Looke: mat-*
ters. To beguile the time, Look—THEOBALD.

To alter favor,¹ ever is to feare:
 Leave all the rest to me.

¹ *countenance*
Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

[*Before Macbeth's castle.*]

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,
 Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
 Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
 The ayre nimble and sweetly recommends it selfe
 Unto our gentle sences.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
 The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
 By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath 10
 Smells wooingly here: no Jutty² frieze, ² *projection*
 Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
 Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
 Where they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd
 The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady [Macbeth].*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
 The Love that followes us, sometime is our trouble,
 Which still we thanke as Love. Herein I teach you,
 How you shall bid God-eyld³ us for your paines,
 And thanke us for your trouble. ³ *God-shield* 20

Lady. All our service,
 In every point twice done, and then done double,
 Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
 Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
 Wherewith your Majestie loades our House:

5-6. 2 five-accent ll.—*Rowe.*

9. *Barlet*: martlet—*Rowe.*

10. *Mansonry*: mansionry—*Theobald.*

14. *must*: most—*Rowe.*

24-8. 4 five-accent ll.—*Pope.*

For those of old, and the late Dignities, ¹ *beadsmen*
 Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.¹

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
 We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
 To be his Purveyor: But he rides well, 30
 And his great Love (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
 To his home before us: Faire and Noble Hostesse
 We are your guest to night.

La. Your Servants ever,
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,²
 To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
 Still to returne your owne. ² *account*

King. Give me your hand:
 Conduct me to mine Host we love him highly,
 And shall continue, our Graces towards him. 40
 By your leave Hostesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

[*Macbeth's castle.*]

Ho-boys. Torches.

*Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and
 Service | over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
 It were done quickly: If th' Assassination
 Could trammell up the Consequence, and catch
 With his surcease,³ Successe: that but this blow
 Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere, ³ *cessation*
 But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time, 10
 Wee'd jumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
 We still have judgement heere, that we but teach

27. *Ermites*: hermits—3-4F. (*Hermite*s—2F.)

9. *end all. Heere: end-all here*—HANMER.

10. *Schoole: shoal*—THEOBALD.

Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
 To plague th'Inventer, This even-handed Justice
 Commends th'Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
 To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
 Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
 Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Duncane*
 Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin 21
 So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
 Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deepe damnation of his taking off:
 And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
 Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightlesse¹ Curriors of the Ayre, ¹ *invisible*
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre
 To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely 30
 Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
 And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady [Macbeth]*.
 How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost supt: why have you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
 He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought
 Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worne now in their newest glosse, 40
 Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
 Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,

15. *Ingredience*: ingredients—POPE.

27. *Curriors*: couriers—POPE.

At what it did so freely? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou affear'd
 To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
 As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
 And live a Coward in thine owne Esteeme? 50
 Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
 Like the poore Cat i'th' Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,
 Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then
 That made you breake this enterprize to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man:
 And to be more then what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place 60
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
 They have made themselves, and that their fitnessse now
 Do's unmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
 I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
 Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummess,
 And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
 As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile? 70

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
 And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
 (Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Journey
 Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
 Will I with Wine, and Wassell,¹ so convince,
 That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine, ¹ *revelry*

55. *no:* do-Rowe.

67-70. 2 five-accent ll.-STEEVENS.

70. *faile?* in all Folios: *fail!*-Rowe.

Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
 A Lymbeck¹ onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
 Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death, ¹ *alembic*
 What cannot you and I performe upon 80
 Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
 His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
 Of our great quell.² ² *murder*

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
 For thy undaunted Mettle should compose
 Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepee two
 Of his owne Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
 That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other, 90
 As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
 Upon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
 False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[*Court of Macbeth's castle.*]

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
 before him.*

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the
 Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelve.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heaven, 10
 Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
 A heavie Summons lyes like Lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleepe:
 Mercifull Powers, restraints in me the cursed thoughts
 That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
 He hath beene in unusuall Pleasure, 20
 And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
 This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
 By the name of most kind Hostesse,
 And shut up in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect,
 Which else should free have wrought.

Banq. All's well.
 I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
 To you they have shew'd some truth. 30

Macb. I thinke not of them:
 Yet when we can entreat an houre to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that Businesse,
 If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'st leysure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
 When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I lose none,

13-17. *And .. Sword:* 3 five-accent ll. and 1 l. ending **Friend-**
 ROWE and HANMER. 20-1. new l. at Sent-JENNENS.

23-5. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE. 29. *weyward:* weird—THEOBALD.

36-8. 2 five-accent ll.—ROWE.

In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
 My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare, 40
 I shall be counsail'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo*
 [and Fleance].

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
 She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
 The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but 50

A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?

I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an Instrument I was to use.

Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; ^{1 handle}

And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon,¹ Gouts² of Blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing: 60

It is the bloody Businesse, which informes ^{2 drops}

Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World

Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse

The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale *Heccats* Offerings: and wither'd Murther,

Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With *Tarquins* ravishing sides, towards his designe

Moves like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth

68. *sides*: strides—POPE.

69. *sowre*: sure—CAPELL.

Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare 70
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now sutes with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath gives.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
 Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The same.*]

Enter Lady [Macbeth].

La. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me
 bold: |
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
 Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
 'The fatall Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night.
 He is about it, the Doores are open:
 And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
 With Snores. I have drugg'd their Possets,
 That Death and Nature doe contend about them, 10
 Whether they live, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,

70. *they may: way they—Rowe.*

4-9. 5 ll. ending peace, bell-man, it, grooms, possets—Rowe.

He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I have done the deed: 20

Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.

Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th'second Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. 31

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,

And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse us, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse us. 40

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make us mad.

18-19. 1 l.—*Rowe.*

20-1. 1 l.—*Rowe.*

28. new l. at *Who*—*Steevens* (1793).

32-6. 4 five-accent ll. ending 'Murder,' heard them, address'd them, together—*Rowe.*

43-4. 2 five-accent ll.—*Pope.*

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
 Sleepe that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve¹ of Care,
 The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
 Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course, 50
 Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast. ¹*floss silk*

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
 Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
 You doe unbend your Noble strength, to thinke
 So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,
 And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
 Why did you bring these Daggers from the place? 60
 They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
 The sleepeie Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile goe no more:
 I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:
 Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirme of purpose:
 Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
 Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
 That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
 Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall, 70
 For it must seeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me?
 What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
 Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood

46-7. *Sleep .. murther Sleepe*: marked as quotation—JOHNSON.

53-5. *Sleepe, etc.*: marked as quotation—HANMER.

Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

80

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke [within].*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares us of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you unattended. *Knocke [within].*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers: be not lost 90
So poorely in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke [within].*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*The same.*]

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the
Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there

79. *Greene one, Red: green one red*-4F.

82-4. 2 five-accent ll.-POPE.

92-3. 1 l.-POPE.

87-8. 1 l.-POPE.

94-5. 1 l.-POPE.

i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himselfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'lesweat for't. *Knock*. Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Devils Name? Faith here's an Equivocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock*. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose. *Knock*. Knock, Knock. Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Devill-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primrose way to th'everlasting Bonfire. *Knock*. Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter. 22

[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second
Cock:¹ | ¹ *cockcrowing*
And Drinke, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
provoke? 29

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Urine.
Lecherie, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equivocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens

him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him. 38

Macd. I beleeeve, Drinke gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong for him, though he tooke up my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet. 50

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him, I have almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine: This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited¹ service. *Exit Macduffe.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day? 60

Macb. He does: he did appoint so. ¹ assigned.

Lenox. The Night ha's been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre
Strange Schreemes of Death,

57-9. 2 ll. ending call, service.—HANMER.

62-5. 3 five-accent ll.—ROWE.

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
 Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Events,
 New hatch'd toth' wofull time
 The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night.
 Some say, the Earth was fevorous,
 And did shake.

70

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
 A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
 Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
 Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
 The Lords anyoynted Temple, and stole thence
 The Life o'th' Building.

80

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Majestie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
 With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me speake:
 See, and then speake your selves: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
 Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
 And looke on Death it selfe: up, up, and see
 The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
 As from your Graves rise up, and walke like Sprights,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

90

68-72. 3 five-accent ll.—HANMER.

76-8. 2 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.

Bell rings. Enter Lady [Macbeth].

Lady. What's the Businesse?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,

100

'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo*, Our Royall Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

110

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:

120

The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

103-8. 3 five-accent ll.—THEOBALD.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie, 130
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to love; and in that heart, 142
Courage, to make's love knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why doe we hold our
tongues, |

That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken
here, |

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, 150
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion.

128-9. 3 ll. ending pillows, life, them—STEEVENS (1793).

148-50. 3 ll. ending fate, us, away—DYCE.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:

And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake us:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence, I fight 160
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt

[*all but Malcolm and Donalbain*].

Malc. What will you doe?

Let's not consort with them:

To shew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie. 170

Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe us both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to avoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let us not be daintie of leave-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft, 180
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

167-8. 1 l.—*Rowe*.

170-6. 5 five-accent ll.—*Rowe*

Scena Quarta.[*Outside Macbeth's castle.*]*Enter Rosse, with an Old man.*

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
 Within the Volume of which Time, I have seene
 Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
 Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with mans Act,
 Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
 And yet darke Night strangles the travailing Lampe:
 Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame, 11
 That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
 When living Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis unnaturall,
 Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
 A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
 Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
 (A thing most strange, and certaine)
 Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race, 20
 Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
 Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
 Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so:
 To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

7. *Ha*: Ah—*Rowe*.9. *Threatens*: Threaten—*Rowe*.18-19. 1 l.—*Pope*.22-4. 2 ll. ending make, other—*Steevens* (1793).25-8. 2 five-accent ll.—*Pope*.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not? 30

Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Ross. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?¹ ^{1 intend}

Macd. They were subborned,

Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftlesse Ambition, that will raven² up ^{2 devour} 40

Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Soveraignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife. 50

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

40. *will: wilt*—WARBURTON.

41. *lives: life's*—POPE.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.[*Forres. The palace.*]*Enter Banquo.*

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good, 10
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady [Macbeth, as queen] Lenox, | Rosse, Lords, and Attendants. |

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing unbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence. 20

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice

(Which still hath been both grave, and prosperous)
 In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
 Is't farre you ride? 30

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time
 'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the Night,
 For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
 In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
 Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
 With strange invention. But of that to morrow, 40
 When therewithall, we shall have cause of State,
 Craving us joyntly. Hye you to Horse:
 Adieu, till you returne at Night.
 Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
 And so I doe commend you to their backs.
 Farwell.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,
 Till seven at Night, to make societie 50
 The sweeter welcome:
 We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
 While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
 Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
 Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
 Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*

42-4. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

51-3. 2 ll. ending ourself, you—ROWE.

58-62. 4 five-accent ll.—ROWE.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:
 Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe, 60
 And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
 Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
 And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
 He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
 To act in safetie. There is none but he,
 Whose being I doe feare: and under him,
 My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
 When first they put the Name of King upon me,
 And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like, 70
 They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
 Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
 And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
 Thence to be wrencht with an unlineall Hand,
 No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
 For *Banquo's* Issue have I fil'd ¹ my Minde, ¹ *defiled*
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
 Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
 Onely for them, and mine eternall Jewell
 Given to the common Enemie of Man, 80
 To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
 Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
 And champion me to th'utterance.² ² *uttermost*
 Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.
Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

70. *bad*: bade—2THEOBALD.

81. *Seedes*: seed—POPE.

83-4. 1 l.—POPE.

87-96. 5 five-accent ll.—POPE, ROWE.

Macb. Well then, 90
 Now have you consider'd of my speeches:
 Know, that it was he, in the times past,
 Which held you so under fortune,
 Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
 This I made good to you, in our last conference,
 Past in probation with you:
 How you were borne in hand, how crost:
 The Instruments: who wrought with them:
 And all things else, that might
 To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd, 100
 Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to us.

Macb. I did so:
 And went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting.
 Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
 In your nature, that you can let this goe?
 Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
 And for his Issue, whose heavie hand
 Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd 110
 Yours for ever?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
 As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
 Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt¹
 All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file ^{1 called}
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
 According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
 Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive 120

96-9. 3 ll. ending you, instruments, might—Rowe.

103-10. I ... Grave: 6 ll. ending now, find, nature, gospell'd,
 issue, grave—Rowe. 110-12. and begger'd ... Liege: 1 l.—Rowe.

Particular addition,¹ from the Bill, ¹ *title*
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i'th'worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
 And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
 Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
 Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
 Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
 Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege, 130
 Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
 Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
 To spight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
 So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
 That I would set my Life on any Chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
 'That every minute of his being, thrusts 141
 Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could
 With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
 For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
 Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance doe make love,
 Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
 For sundry weightie Reasons. 150

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
 Performe what you command us.

132. *Hatb:* Have—*Rowe*.

132-4. 2 five-accent ll.—*Rowe*.

137-9. 2 ll. ending you, Lord—*Rowe*.

1. *Murth.* Though our Lives —

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.

Within this houre, at most,

I will advise you where to plant your selves,

Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,

And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,

That I require a clearenesse; and with him, 160

To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:

Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,

Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,

Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate

Of that darke houre: resolve your selves apart,

Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call upon you straight: abide within,

It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight, 169

If it finde Heaven, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*The palace.*]

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,

Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull joy. 10

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
 Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
 Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
 With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
 Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
 Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
 Remaines in danger of her former Tooth. 20
 But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
 Both the Worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
 In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
 That shake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gayne our peace, have sent to peace,
 Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
 In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Grave:
 After Lifes fitfull Fever, he sleepes well, 30
 Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
 Mallice domestique, forraine Levie, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
 Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
 Be bright and Joviall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you:
 Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
 Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
 Unsafe the while, that wee must lave 40
 Our Honors in these flattering streames,

18. *scorch'd*: scotch'd—THEOBALD.

21-2. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

28-9. 1 l.—ROWE.

40. new l. at Must—CAMBRIDGE.

And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleians* lives.

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou jocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* summons
The shard¹-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums, 51
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale, ¹*scaly wing-cases*
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling² Night,
Skarfe up the tender Eye of pittifull Day, ²*blinding*
And with thy bloodie and invisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens, 60
And the Crow makes Wing toth'Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A park near the palace.*]

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee joyne with us?

3. *Macbeth.*

52-4. 2 five-accent ll.—*Rowe.*

60-1. 2 ll. ending *crow, wood*—*Rowe.*

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.

1. Then stand with us:

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traveller apace, 10
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Give us a Light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis hee:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court.

1. His Horses goe about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate 20
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe. [*They set upon Banquo.*]

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave! 30

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

2. We have lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

[*The same. Hall in the palace.*]

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady [Macbeth],
Rosse, Lenox, | Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thankes to your Majesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keeps her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome. 10

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are even: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
'The Table round. [*Approaching in the door.*] There's
blood upon thy face. |

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd? 20

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,

4-6. 2 ll. ending first, Majesty—CAPELL.

22-5. 3 five-accent ll.—ROWE.

Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre: 30
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selves againe. *Exit Murderer.* 40

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis given, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both. 50

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

27-8. 1 l.—POPE.

47. *Enter the Ghost, etc.:* transferred to after l. 51—CAMBRIDGE.

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
 Who, may I rather challenge for unkindnesse,
 Then pittie for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
 Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
 To grace us with your Royall Company?

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reserv'd Sir. 60

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
 Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
 And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
 The fit is momentary, upon a thought 71

He will againe be well. If much you note him
 You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,¹
 Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
 Which might appall the Divell. ¹ *excited state*

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said
 Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flawes² and starts 80

(Impostors to true feare) would well become
 A womans story, at a Winters fire ² *sudden emotions*
 Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done
 You looke but on a stoole.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Charnell houses, and our Graves must send

'Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments 90

Shall be the Mawes of Kytes. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

La. What? quite unmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers have bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,

'That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe 100

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push us from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murther is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse¹ at me my most worthy Friends, ¹ *wonder*

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Give me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

III

I drinke to th'generall joy o'th'whole Table,

And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

86.7. 1 l.—CAPELL. 98. *The times has: the time has*—CAMBRIDGE.

Mac. Avant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
 Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with. 120

La. Thinke of this good Peeres
 But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
 Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves
 Shall never tremble. Or be alive againe,
 And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee 130
 The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
 Unreall mock'ry hence. [*Ghost vanishes.*] Why so,
 being gone |

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You have displac'd the mirth,
 Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a Summers Clowd,
 Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe,¹ ^{1 possess}
 When now I thinke you can behold such sights, 140
 And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
 When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
 Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.* 150

Macb. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:

Stones have beene knowne to move, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and understood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes,¹ & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night? ¹ *magpies*

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding.

La: Did you send to him Sir? 160

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Servant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good;
All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, 170
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard use:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

151. *blood they say: blood; they say*—CAMBRIDGE.

151-2. 1 l.—ROWE.

164. *weyard: weird*—THEOBALD.

Scena Quinta.[*A Heath.*]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting *Hecat.*

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?

Hec. Have I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
 Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
 To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
 In Riddles, and Affaires of death;
 And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
 The close contriver of all harmes, 10
 Was never call'd to beare my part,
 Or shew the glory of our Art?
 And which is worse, all you have done
 Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
 Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
 Loves for his owne ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: Get you gon,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
 Will come, to know his Destinie. 20
 Your Vessels, and your Spels provide,
 Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
 I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend
 Unto a dismall, and a Fatall end.
 Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
 Upon the Corner of the Moone
 There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
 Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that distill'd by Magicke slights,
 Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights, 30
 As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me. [Exit.]

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c. 40

I Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

[Forres. The palace.]

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walke too late. 10
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaves of drinke, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,

41-2. 1 l.—POPE.

3-4. 1 l.—ROWE.

He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke, 20
 That had he *Duncans* Sonnes under his Key,
 (As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleans*.
 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd
 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
 Lives in the English Court, and is receyv'd 30
 Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
 Is gone, to pray the Holy King, upon his ayd
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
 That by the helpe of these (with him above)
 To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
 Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
 Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honors, 40
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
 Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
 The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
 And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
 That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
 Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance 50
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angell

22. and't: an't-2THEOBALD.

28. Sonnes: son-THEOBALD.

42. their: the-HANMER.

Flye to the Court of England, and unfold
 His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
 Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*]

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
- 2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
- 3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
- 1 Round about the Caldron go:

In the poysond Entrailes throw
 Toad, that under cold stone,
 Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
 Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
 Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.

10

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
 In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
 Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
 Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
 Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
 For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
 Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

20

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
 Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe¹

¹ *gullet*

Of the ravin'd¹ salt Sea sharke: ¹*glutted with prey*
 Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
 Liver of Blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
 Sliver'd in the Moones Ecclipse: 30
 Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
 Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
 Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,² ²*entrails*
 For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
 Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

² Coole it with a Baboones blood,
 Then the Charme is firme and good. 40

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
 And every one shall share i'th'gaines:
 And now about the Cauldron sing
 Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

[*Hecate retires.*]

² By the pricking of my Thumbes,
 Something wicked this way comes:
 Open Lockes, who ever knockes. 50

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
 What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

36. *Cawdron*: cauldron—3-4F. 41. *and the*: to the—CAMBRIDGE.
 50. 2 rhymed ll.—DYCE.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Professe,
 (How ere you come to know it) answer me:
 Though you untye the Windes, and let them fight
 Against the Churches: Though the yesty¹ Waves
 Confound and swallow Navigation up: ^{1 frothy}
 Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
 Though Castles topple on their Warders heads: 61
 Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
 Of Natures Germaine,² tumble altogether, ^{2 seeds}
 Even till destruction sicken: Answer me
 To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l answer.

69

1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
 Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 Powre in Soves blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
 From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
 Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show. *Thunder.*

1. *Apparation, an Armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknowne power. 80

1 He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*

Beware *Macduffe*,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismissee me. Enough.

He Descends.

64. *Germaine*: germens—DELIUS, GLOBE.

70. *th'badst*: thou'dst—CAPELL.

83-4. 1 l.—ROWE.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first. *Thunder.* 90

2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*

2 *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*

Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.

2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne

The powre of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Descends.*

Mac. Then live *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?

But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live, 100

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;

And sleepe in spight of Thunder. *Thunder.*

3 *Apparation, a Childe Crocened, with a Tree in his hand.*

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,

And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill 110

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill

Shall come against him. *Descend.*

Macb. That will never bee:

Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree

Unfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise never till the Wood

94-5. 11.—Rowe. 99. *assurance: double: assurance double*—Pope.

102 and 104. 2 five-accent 11.—Rowe.

111. *Byrnam: Birnam*—4F. *Dunsmane: Dunsinane*—2-4F.

116. *Rebellious dead: Rebellion's head*—HANMER.

Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
 Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
 To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
 Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art 120
 Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo's* issue ever
 Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
 And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.
 Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noise is this? *Hoboyes*

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeve his Hart, 130
 Come like shadowes, so depart.

*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse
 in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
 Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
 Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
 A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth? Start eyes!
 What will the Line stretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?
 Another yet? A seaventh? Ile see no more: 140
 And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,
 Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
 That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
 Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
 For the Blood-bolter'd ¹ *Banquo* smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What?
 is this so? | ¹ *blood-bedaubed*

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why
 Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

117. *Byrnan*: Birnam—4F.

141. *eight*: eighth—3-4F.

Come Sisters, cheere we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights. 150

Ile Charme the Ayre to give a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musicke.*

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernicious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*

Lenox. What's your Graces will. 160

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England? 170

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o're-tooke
Unlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
Seize upon Fife; give to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules 180

That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
 This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
 But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
 Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

[*Fife. Macduff's castie.*]

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
 Our feares do make us Traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare. 9

Wife. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
 His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
 From whence himselfe do's flye? He loves us not,
 He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
 (The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
 Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
 All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love;
 As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
 So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest Cooz, 19
 I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
 He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes
 The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,
 But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
 And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumor
 From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,

14. *diminutive*: diminutive—4F.

But floate upon a wilde and violent Sea
 Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
 Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe upward,
 To what they were before. My pretty Cosine, 30
 Blessing upon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,
 And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
 I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes? 40

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,
 Thou'dst never Feare the Net, nor Lime,
 The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?
 Poore Birds they are not set for:
 My Father is not dead for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:
 How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband? 50

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,
 And yet l'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

32-3. 1 l.—ROWE. 42-3. 1 l.—THEOBALD. 45-6. 1 l.—POPE.
 48-9. 1 l.—ROWE. 53. *withall*: with all—2-4F.
 53-4. 2 ll. ending *faith, thee*—POPE. 54. *l'faith*: i'faith—3-4F.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor, 60
And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men, and hang up them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father? 70

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly have a new Father.

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones 80
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too savage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger*

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme

Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
 Do I put up that womanly defence, 90
 To say I have done no harme?
 What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
 Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge? [*Stabbing him.*]
 Yong fry of Treachery? 100

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
 Run away I pray you. [*Dies.*] *Exit crying Murther.*

Scæna Tertia.

[*England. Before the King's palace.*]

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let us seeke out some desolate shade, & there
 Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let us rather
 Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
 Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
 New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out 110
 Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleeeve, Ile waile;
 What know, beleeeve; and what I can redresse

91-2. 11.—*Rowe.*

7. *downfall: down-fall'n*—*Warburton, Cambridge.*

As I shall finde the time to friend:¹ I wil. ¹ *befriend*
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
 You may discerne of him through me, and wisdom
 To offer up a weake, poore innocent Lambe 20
 T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Malc. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
 In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
 Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
 Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I have lost my Hopes. 30

Malc. Perchance even there
 Where I did finde my doubts.
 Why in that rawnesse² left you Wife, and Childe?
 Those precious Motives, those strong knots of Love,
 Without leave-taking. I pray you, ² *unprovided state*
 Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonors,
 But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly just,
 What ever I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
 Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, 40
 For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
 The Title, is affear'd.³ Far thee well Lord,
 I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
 For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
 And the rich East to boot. ³ *confirmed*

19. *discerne*: *deserve*—THEOBALD.

35. *pray*: *pray*—3-4F.

31-2. 1 l.—ROWE.

42. *Far*: *Fare*—2-4F.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
 I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,
 It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall, 50
 There would be hands uplifted in my right:
 And heere from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall treade upon the Tyrants head,
 Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
 Shall have more vices then it had before,
 More suffer, and more sundry wayes then ever,
 By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know 60
 All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
 That when they shall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
 Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
 Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
 With my confinelesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions
 Of horrid Hell, can come a Divell more damn'd
 In evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
 Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull, 70
 Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
 That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
 In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
 Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill up
 The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire
 All continent Impediments would ore-bear
 That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
 Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance

In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene 80
 Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
 And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
 We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
 That Vulture in you, to devoure so many
 As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
 Finding it so inclinde.

Mal With this, there growes 90
 In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
 A stanchlesse Avarice, that were I King,
 I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
 Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
 And my more-having, would be as a Sawce
 To make me hunger more, that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the Good and Loyall,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
 stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote 100
 Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
 The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
 Scotland hath Foysons,¹ to fill up your will ¹ plenty
 Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,²
 With other Graces weigh'd. ² bearable

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
 As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,
 Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
 Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
 I have no relish of them, but abound 110
 In the division of each severall Crime,
 Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
 Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,

Uprore the universall peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to governe, speake:
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation
miserable! |

With an untitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, 120
When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accust,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftrner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de every day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere. 130

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Divellish *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From over-credulous hast: but God above
Deale betweene thee and me; For even now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Unspeak mine owne detraction. Heere abjure 140
The taints, and blames I laide upon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknowne to Woman, never was forsworne,
Scarsely have coveted what was mine owne.

118-19. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

123. *accust*: *accursed* (*accurst*)—2-4F. 129. *Hath*: *have*—ROWE.

At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
 The Devill to his Fellow, and delight
 No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
 Was this upon my selfe. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
 Whither indeed, before they heere approach 150
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
 Already at a point, was setting foorth:
 Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
 Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcom things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
 I pray you? 159

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
 That stay his Cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
 Which often since my heere remaine in England,
 I have seene him do: How he solicites heaven 170
 Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
 All swolne and Ulcerous, pittifull to the eye,
 The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stampe¹ about their neckes, ^{1 coin}
 Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken

158-9. 1 l.-*ROWE.*

164. *Exit:* shifted to next l. -*CAPELL.*

To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
 The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
 He hath a heavenly giuft of Prophetie,
 And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
 That speake him full of Grace. 180

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My ever gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
 The meanes that makes us Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,
 Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot 190
 Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
 But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
 Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre
 Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
 A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
 Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens lives
 Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Malc. What's the newest griefe? 200

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
 Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

183. *nor*: not-3-4F.

193. *rent*: rend-Rowe.

198-200. 2 ll. ending relation, grief-THOEBALD.

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave
'em |

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour 211
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Malc. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thousand men, 220
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch¹ them. ¹ catch

Macd. What concerne they,

The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe² ² peculiar grief
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest 230

But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possesse them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse, Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner 240
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Malc. Mercifull Heaven:

What man, ne're pull your hat upon your browes:
Give sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I have said. 250

Malc. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Malc. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feele it as a man; 260
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,

Cut short all intermission: Front to Front, 271
 Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
 Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
 Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
 Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
 Our lacke is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
 Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres above 278
 Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheere you may,
 The Nigh^t is long, that never findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*]

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting
 Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can
 perceive no truth in your report. When was it shee last
 walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
 seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown up-
 pon her, unlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it,
 write upon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-
 turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe. 11

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyve at
 once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
 In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other
 actuall performances, what (at any time) have you heard
 her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witsnesse

to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.* 20
Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleepe: observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme thus washing her hands: I have knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre. 32

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Hearn, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him. 41

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

Doct. Go too, go too:

You have knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what she ha's knowne. 50

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-

fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holily in their beds. 61

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed? 70

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisp'rings are abroad: unnaturall deeds
Do breed unnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Divine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgive us all. Looke after her,
Remove from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes upon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated,¹ and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake. ¹ *bewildered* 80

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.[*The country near Dunsinane.*]*Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Unkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified¹ man. ¹ *insensible*

Ang. Neere *Byrnan* wood 9
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File²
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne, ² *list*
And many unruffe³ youths, that even now ³ *unbearded*
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly Fortifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause 20
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breach:
Those he commands, move onely in command,
Nothing in love: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start, 30

9. *Byrnan*: *Birnam*—4F.

When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine¹ of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us. ¹ physician

Lenox. Or so much as it needes, 38
To dew the Sovereigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scæna Tertia.

[*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*]

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures, 10
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servant.

The divell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:²
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke. ² base fellow

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

40. *Birnan*: Birnam—2-4F.

4. *Byrnane*: Birnam—3-4F.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?¹ ¹*fool*
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine 21
Are Counsailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*] *Sey-*
ton, I am sick at hart, |
When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push
Will cheere me ever, or dis-eate me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Love, Obedience, Troopes of Friends, 30
I must not looke to have: but in their steed,
Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
Give me my Armor. 40

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:

Send out moe Horses, skirre² the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor? ²*scour*

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

24-5. *Seyton* .. *I say*: *Seyton*!—I am sick at heart, When I
behold—*Seyton*, I say!—*Rowe*. 26. *dis-eate*: disseat—*STEEVENS*.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseases'd, 50
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
 And with some sweet Oblivious Antidote
 Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe
 Which weiges upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
 Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
 Come, put mine Armour on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flyefrom me: 60
 Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
 The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristieue Health,
 I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
 That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
 What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugge
 Would scowre these English hence: hear'st thou of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
 Makes us heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me: 70
 I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
 Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away, and
 cleere, |
 Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

49. *Cure of:* Cure her of-2-4F.

72. *Birnane:* Birnam-2-4F.

Scena Quarta.

[Country near Birnam wood.]

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow 11
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Syew. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt, 20
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just Censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,

But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate, 30
Towards which, advance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

[*Dunsinane. Within the castle.*]

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard, 9
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord. [*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my sences would have cool'd
To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell¹ of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre ¹scalp
As life were in't. I have supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. [*Re-enter Seyton.*] Wherefore
was that cry? |

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead. 20

Macb. She should have dy'de heereafter;
There would have beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
 That struts and frets his houre upon the Stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a Tale 30
 Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
 Signifying nothing. *Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, say sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill
 I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
 The Wood began to move. 40

Macb. Lyar, and Slave.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three Mile may you see it comming.
 I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st fhlse,
 Upon the next Tree shall thou hang alive
 Till Famine cling¹ thee: If thy speech be sooth,²
 I care not if thou dost for me as much. ¹ *shriuel*
 I pull in Resolution, and begin ² *true*
 To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend, 50
 That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
 Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
 If this which he avouches, do's appeare,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
 And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undon.
 Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
 At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. *Exeunt*

39. *Byrnane*: Birnam-4F.

45. *fhlse*: false-2-4F.

51. *Byrnane*: Birnam-4F.

Scena Sexta.[*Dunsinane. Before the castle.*]*Drumme and Colours.**Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
 Your leavy Skreenes throw downe,
 And shew like those you are: You (worthy Unkle)
 Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
 Leade our first Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
 Shall take upon's what else remaines to do, 10
 According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:
 Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all
 breath |
 Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.[*Another part of the field.*]*Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
 But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
 Am I to feare, or none.

*Enter young Seyward.**Y. Sey.* What is thy name?*Macb.* Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell. 11

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Y. Sey. The divell himselfe could not pronounce a
Title |

More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou lyeest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile prove the lye thou speak st.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne, 20
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staves; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge
I sheath againe undeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note 30
Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us. 40

Scy. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum*

[Scene viii. *Another part of the field.*]

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words, 10
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can give thee out. *Fight: Alarum*

Macb. Thou loosest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant¹ Ayre¹ *indivisible*
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd 20
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely ript.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Jugling Fiends no more beleev'd,
That palter with us in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,

And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time. 30
Wee'l have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*, 40
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
He onely liv'd but till he was a man, 51
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

37. *Byrnane: Birnam-4F.*

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front. 60

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I have haire,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe; with Macbeths head. 70

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' Usurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your severall loves, 80
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,

Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else 90
That call's upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish Exeunt. Omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

First printed in part in Quarto, 1603 ; then more
fully in Quartos, 1604, 1605, 1611, etc.

The First Folio, 1623, differs in some respects from
the Second Quarto

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET’ is a stern drama of suspended but finally visitant retribution, introducing a supernatural element.

The ghost of a murdered king of Denmark visits his son, Prince Hamlet, and enjoins him to revenge against the usurping king, who has married the widowed queen.

Hamlet’s task is so difficult that he assumes madness to cloak his designs (Act II). His sweetheart Ophelia is one of the first to notice the change in his demeanor. He makes use of a company of strolling players to prepare a special play before the court.

The plot of this play resembles the late king’s demise and the present king’s accession. While it is being presented (Act III) Hamlet discovers by the king’s change of countenance that the shaft has struck home and the ghost’s charges are true. The queen, Hamlet’s mother, is also much disturbed by the play and sends for him to upbraid him; but he meets reproach with reproach and leaves her self-convicted.

Hamlet’s banishment and death are ordered (Act IV), but the plans miscarry. After a brief absence he returns, to find that Ophelia has gone insane through grief and is dead.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

Laertes, Ophelia's brother, seeks Hamlet's life (Act V). The king arranges a public fencing contest — supposedly friendly — between them. Laertes kills Hamlet, but not until he himself and the king are slain. The queen drinks by mistake from a poisoned cup, prepared by the king for Hamlet, and also dies.

SOURCES

The earliest form of the story of Hamlet which has reached us is found in the '*Historia Danica*' of Saxo Grammaticus, an important Danish writer of the twelfth century. But some two hundred years earlier the folk-lore of Iceland contained allusions to the same character, '*Amlothe*,' and to this day the name is synonymous in that land for '*half-witted*.' Saxo's work was not published until 1514. It was transferred to French in Belleforest's '*Histoires Tragiques*' of 1571. This in turn passed into indifferent English, the earliest surviving edition being 1608. But before that year Shakespeare and other writers had become familiar with the story, which would indicate that they either had access to an earlier English version or read it in the French. Between Belleforest and Shakespeare there now remain no other forms of the story, although references to intermediate plays exist. In 1589 Thomas Nash wrote a preface to Greene's '*Mena-phon*,' in which he mentions '*Hamlet*' specifically. The next reference to '*Hamlet*' is found in Henslowe's '*Diary*,' '9 of June, 1594 Rd. at hamlet.' In 1596 Thomas Lodge, in '*Wit's Miserie*,' says: 'As pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, Hamlet revenge.' None of the citations couples the name of

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Shakespeare with the play; and Francis Meres, in his 'Palladis Tamia,' 1598, fails to give it among his list of Shakespeare's productions.

An imperfect Quarto of 1603 was the first appearance of such a play bearing Shakespeare's name. This was followed in 1604 by a far better Quarto. The plot of the Quartos, and later of the Folio, is similar in bald outlines to the English 'Hystorie of Hamblet,' which rests upon the French and Danish texts. But the ghost, the play scene, and the death of the hero culminating with his revenge, are new features brought out on the English stage—we cannot say by Shakespeare, for the ghost, in any event, belonged to an earlier play alluded to by Lodge, as we have seen.

Much diversity of opinion exists with regard to the lost play or plays of 'Hamlet.' A favorite theory is that such a play was written by Thomas Kyd, author of 'The Spanish Tragedy' and other plays. 'Hamlet' and 'The Spanish Tragedy' bear many marks in common and were often referred to together. Kyd was a scholar of Seneca, and Nash alludes to the Senecan character of the early play. The production entered by Henslowe (1594) was given by the Lord Chamberlain's company, to which Shakespeare belonged. It seems plausible, therefore, that Shakespeare derived his play from an earlier text, perhaps that ascribed to Kyd, for Shakespeare's was hardly written before 1600 (see Date of Composition).

The next question to arise, and one of considerable difficulty, is in regard to the authenticity of the First Quarto of 1603. This Quarto is but little more than one half the length of the Second Quarto—2143 lines, against 3719. It appears at a casual inspection to be only a maimed, hasty, and garbled version taken from

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shorthand notes of the play as it was being performed.
Witness Hamlet's soliloquy :

'To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all: I all?
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
From whence no passenger ever return'd,' etc.

This wretched copy is enough like the Shakespearian text to indicate that as its source. But the First Quarto makes one or two independent departures, such as interpolating a scene between Horatio and the queen, softening the queen's character, and changing the names of Polonius and Reynaldo to Corambis and Montano. Without going into the details of these disturbing departures, they have given rise to three leading theories of authorship: (1) The First Quarto is an imperfect copy of an early 'Hamlet' written by Shakespeare. (2) The First and Second Quartos are taken from the same production, the one being pirated, the other authentic. (3) The First Quarto is a garbled copy of an early play written by some other dramatist (Kyd?), and revised by Shakespeare after 1600 — this First Quarto thus pointing to the play in an intermediate stage, but giving even that imperfectly, while the Second Quarto presents the final text of the completed play. The third theory has the weight of evidence.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The historic period is indeterminable, but the Danish records allude to a time early in the Christian centuries. The time represented on the stage is seven days, with intervals after the third and fourth: Day 1, Act I,

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scenes i-iii. Day 2, Act I, scenes iv, v, Act II. Day 3, Act III, Act IV, scenes i-iii. Interval. Day 4, Act IV, scenes iv, v. Interval. Day 5, Act IV, scenes vi, vii. Day 6, Act V, scene i. Day 7, Act V, scene ii.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' was probably written between 1598, the year of Meres's 'Palladis Tamia,' and June, 1602, when James Robertes entered the play upon the 'Stationers' Register.' A yet closer approximation is furnished by a passage (Act II, scene ii) in which 'the inhibition' which forced the players to travel is attributed to 'the late innovation' of a company of children. Now, in 1600 the Privy Council restricted theatrical performances to two houses; in the same year the Children of Paul's resumed playing; and in 1601 the Globe Company was traveling. These facts point to 1600-1 as the date of the play's production.

Internal evidence does not disturb this reckoning. 'Hamlet's' kinship with 'Julius Cæsar' was pointed out in that play.

EARLY EDITIONS

The first official record of 'Hamlet' is found in the 'Stationers' Register' for 1602, 'xxvi to Juli i,' where it was entered to James Robertes. Robertes was the printer of the 1604 Quarto, and may also have printed the imperfect First Quarto of 1603, though the latter seems to have been published surreptitiously. The First Quarto's title ran:

'The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Den-

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marke By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell. 1603.'

The Second Quarto's title was as follows:

'The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunston's Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.'

A Third Quarto was issued in 1605, bearing a similar title and practically identical text to the Second.

A Fourth Quarto, 1611, was 'printed for John Smethwicke'; likewise a Fifth, without date. A Sixth appeared in 1637.

The First Folio edition of 1623 places 'Hamlet' among the tragedies and divides it into acts and scenes as far as the second scene of Act II. Rowe completed the division and added the *Dramatis Personæ*.

The faulty nature of the First Quarto has already been discussed, it containing a little more than one half the material found in the Second, which established a fairly true text. The succeeding Quartos deviated very slightly from the Second.

The First Folio, however, was evidently derived from an independent source. The Second Quarto is slightly longer, but the First Folio supplies some readings of its own, and usually in line of improvement. The Folio probably represents the acting version of the Globe with final editorial revision.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king.*

POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman, }

courtiers.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS, }

BERNARDO, } *officers.*

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*

Players.

Two Clowns, *grave-diggers.*

FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers,
and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*]

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARKE .



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*]

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

[*Francisco at his post. Enter to him Barnardo.*]

Barnardo.

WHO'S there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & unfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. *Barnardo?*

Bar. He.

9

Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

2, 3. *Barnardo:* *Bernardo*, and so throughout—4F.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground. 20

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I have seene nothing. 31

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,

And will not let beleefe take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of us,

Therefore I have intreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,

That if againe this Apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while, 40

And let us once againe assaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our Story,

What we two Nights have seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

16-17. 3 ll. ending night, *Marcellus*, haste-2-5Q.

19. *Stand: Stand, ho!*-2-5Q.

22-8. 4 ll. ending Soldier, place, Say, him-CAPELL.

43. *two Nights have: have two nights*-QQ.

And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,

When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heaven

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,

The Bell then beating one. 50

Mar. Peace, breake thee off: *Enter the Ghost.*

Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that Faire and Warlike forme 60

In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:

Is not this something more then Fantasie?

What thinke you on't? 70

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleewe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,

Such was the very Armour he had on,

When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis strange. 80

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: 90
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not divide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night joynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride) 100
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,

79. *Pollax*: Polacks (Polack-POPE)—MALONE.

81. *just*: jump—QQ.

106. *seiz'd on*: seized of—QQ.

Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant 110
 And carriage of the Article designe,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
 Shark'd up a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
 For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
 That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
 (And it doth well appeare unto our State)
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And termes Compulsative, those foresaid Lands 120
 So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
 Is the maine Motive of our Preparations,
 The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
 Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

[*Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enso;^a
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth^b it is to trouble the mindes eye:
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
 The graves stood tennatlesse,^c and the sheeted dead
 Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
 As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist Starre,
 Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands
 Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.

111. *designe*: design'd-2-4F. 113. *Mettle*: metal (metall)-6Q.

115. *Landlesse*: lawless-QQ.

118. *And*: As-2-5Q.

120. *Compulsative*: compulsory-2-5Q.

124-5. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *enso*: e'en so (even so)-ROWE.

^b *moth*: mote-5Q.

^c *tennatlesse*: tenantless-4Q.

And even the like precurse of feare^d events
 As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our Climates and country men.]

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
 Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
 If thou hast any sound, or use of Voyce, 128
 Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.
 [*Cock crows.*]

If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
 (Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
 Or, if thou hast up-hoarded in thy life
 Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
 Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at ir with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

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Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Majesticall
 To offer it the shew of Violence,
 For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

^d *feare*: *fierce* (*fearce*-4Q.)-5Q.

129. *Speake to me*: separate l.-2-5Q.

130. *speake to me*: separate l.-1Q.

132. *Oh speake*: separate l.-2-5Q.

137. *ir*: *it*-2-5Q. 2-4F.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,
 The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate 150
 Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
 Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
 Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
 To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
 This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
 Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
 Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
 The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
 And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad, 160
 The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
 No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
 So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part beleewe it.
 But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
 Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
 Breake we our Watch up, and by my advice
 Let us impart what we have seene to night
 Unto yong *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
 This Spirit dumbe to us, will speake to him: 170
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needfull in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
 Where we shall finde him most conveniently. *Exeunt*

149. *day: morn*-2-5Q.

157. *sayes: say*-QQ.

160. *can walke: dare stir* (dare walke-1Q.)-2-5Q.

162. *talkes: takes*-QQ.

166. *Easterne: eastward*-2-5Q.

173. *Let: Let's*-2-4F.QQ.

Scena Secunda.[*A room of state in the castle.*]

*Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him, 10
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Joyntresse of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor have we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes. 20
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disjoynt, and out of Frame,
Collegued with the dreame of his Advantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester us with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

12. *sometimes: sometime*—2-5Q.13. *of this: to this*—2-5Q.15. *one .. one: an .. a*—2-5Q.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius. 30

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
 Thus much the businesse is. We have heere writ
 To Norway, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
 His further gate heerein. In that the Levies,
 The Lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subject: and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway, 40
 Giving to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King, more then the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow:

Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
 You told us of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane, 50
 And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
 The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
 What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and favour to returne to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke

39. *Voltemand*: *Voltimand*-2-4F. 40. *bearing*: *bearers*-Qq.

43. *dilated*: *delated* (related-1Q.)-2-5Q.

57. *Dread my Lord*: *My dread lord*-2-5Q.

To shew my duty in your Coronation, 60
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave?

What sayes *Pollonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord: [wroung from me my slow
 leave

By laboursome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seald my hard consent,]
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Lacertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:

But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne? 70

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more then kin, and lesse then
 kinde. |

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for ever with thy veyled lids
 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must dye,
 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common. 80

Queen. If it be;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
 'Tis no: alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
 Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

62. *towards*: *toward*-2-5Q.

66-7. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

76. *veyled*: *vailed*-2-5Q.

64-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

74. *nightly*: *nighted*-2-5Q.

No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
 Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme, 90
 For they are actions that a man might play:
 But I have that Within, which passeth show;
 These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
 In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 To give these mourning duties to your Father:
 But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
 That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
 In filiall Obligation, for some terme
 To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persever 100
 In obstinate Condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis unmanly greefe,
 It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
 A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,
 An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peevish Opposition
 Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heaven,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature, 110
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevayling woe, and thinke of us
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lesse Nobility of Love,

89. *shewes*: *shapes* (chapes-2Q.)-4-5Q. 94-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

113. *Coarse*: *corse*-Rowe.

Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent 120
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 I prythee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
 Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a faire Reply, 130
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the Heavens shall bruite againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew: 140
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seemes to me all the uses of this world?
 Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,

120. *towards*: toward-2-5Q.

128-9. 1 l.-2Q.

136. *Rouse*: rouse (rowse)-2Q. *Heavens*: heaven-2-5Q.142. *O God, O God*: O God! God-2-5Q.144. *Seemes*: Seem-2-5Q.145. *Oh fie, fie*: Ah fie-2-5Q.

So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: so loving to my Mother, 150
 That he might not beteene the windes of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, even she. 159
 (O Heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Unkle,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus. 170

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
 Ile change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

151. *beteene*: *beteem*-2-5Q. 160. *O Heaven*: *O God*-2-5Q.

161. *mine*: *my*-2-5Q. 165. *of her*: *in her*-QQ.

172-3. 1 l.-2-5Q. 174-5. 1 l.-QQ. 176-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

180

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?

Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart. 189

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Ere I had ever seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

200

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not look upon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

182. *Wittemberge*: Wittenberg-QQ. 184. *have*: hear-2-5Q.

185. *mine*: my-2-5Q. 188. *Elsenour*: Elsinore-MALONE.

197. *Ere I had ever*: Or ever I had (Ere, etc.-1Q.)-2-5Q.

199. *Ob where*: Where-QQ.

With an attent eare; till I may deliver
 Upon the wisse of these Gentlemen, 210
 This marvell to you.

Ham. For Heavens love let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
 (*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
 In the dead wast and middle of the night
 Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
 Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
 Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
 Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
 By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes, 220
 Within his Truncheons length; whilst they besil'd
 Almost to Jelly with the Act of feare,
 Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
 In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
 And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
 Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
 Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
 The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? 230

Mar. My Lord, upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answere made it none: yet once me thought
 It lifted up it head, and did addresse
 It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
 But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
 And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,

212. *Heavens*: God's-QQ.

215. *wast*: vast-1Q.5Q.

217. *at all points*: at point (to poynt-1Q.)-2-4Q.

219. *stately*: *By them thrice*: stately by them: thrice-2-5Q.

221. *bestil'd*: distill'd-QQ.

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange. 240

Hor. As I doe live my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote. 250

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you. 260

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred. |

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly? no.

Hor. It was, as I have seene it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe. |

265. *grisly*: grizzled (*grissl'd*)-Qq.

268. new l. at *Perchance*-2-5Q. *wake*: walk-Qq. 2-4F.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person, 270
 Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceald this sight;
 Let it bee treble in your silence still:
 And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
 Give it an understanding but no tongue;
 I will requite your loves; so, fare ye well:
 Upon the Platforme twixt eleven and twelve,
 Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.* 280

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
 My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
 I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
 'Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in Polonius's house.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't; Farewell:
 And Sister, as the Winds give Benefit,
 And Convoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
 But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
 A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature; 10

269. warrant you it: warrant it—1Q. 274. treble: tenable—QQ.

277. ye: you—QQ.

281. love: loves—QQ.

8. favours: favour—2-5Q.

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more:

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare 20
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subject to his Birth:
Hee may not, as unvallued persons doe,
Carve for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Unto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleeeve it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force 30
May give his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his unmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;

11. *Froward*: Forward-3-4F.

12. *The suppliance*: The perfume and suppliance-2-5Q. *No more*: separate l.-2-5Q.

16. *his*: this-2-5Q.

20. *feare*: will-2-5Q.

25. *sanctity* .. *the weole*: safety .. this-2-6Q.; whole-2-4F.

30. *peculiar Sect and force*: particular act and place-2-5Q.

38. *within*: you in-2-5Q.

Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
 The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough, 40
 If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
 Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
 As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother 50
 Doe not as some ungracious Pastors doe,
 Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heaven;
 Whilst like a puffed and recklesse Libertine
 Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
 A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave. 60

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
 The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
 And these few Precepts in thy memory,
 See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act:
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:

43. *Galls, the:* galls the-2-5Q.

44. *the:* then-2-5Q.

50. *watchmen:* watchman-2-5Q.

55. *reaks:* recks-POPE.

63. *for there: my:* for. There; my-THEOBALD. *you:* thee-QQ.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment 70
 Of each unhatch't, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
 Take each mans censure; but reserve thy judgement:
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
 And they in France of the best ranck and station,
 Are of a most select and generous cheff in that. 80
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
 This above all; to thine owne selfe be true:
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, goe, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well 90
 What I have said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*

Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the L. *Ham-*
let. |

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
 Tis told me he hath very oft of late

68. *The*: Those—Qq.

80. *cheff*: chief—Qq.

74. *tbine*: thy—2-5Q.

82. *lone*: loan—2-4F.

Given private time to you; and you your selfe 99
 Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, as so tis put on me;
 And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
 You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,
 As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
 What is betweene you, give me up the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
 Unsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleewe his tenders, as you call them? 110

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
 That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
 Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
 Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech, 120
 My Lord, with all the vowes of Heaven.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
 When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
 Gives the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
 Giving more light then heate; extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making;
 You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,

108. *pub;* pooh—COLLIER.

113. *bis:* these—2-5Q.

114. *starling:* sterling—2-5Q. 116. *Roaming:* Running—DYCE.

120-1. *And .. My Lord:* 1 l.; new l. at With—ROWE. *all the vowes:* almost all the holy vows—2-5Q.

124. *Gives:* Lends—QQ. 127. *For:* From; Daughter out—QQ.

Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*, 130
 Beleeve so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walke,
 Then may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 Doe not beleeve his vowes; for they are Broakers,
 Not of the eye, which their Investments show:
 But meere implorators of unholy Sutes,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leisure, 140
 As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
 Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *The platform.*]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
 season, |

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]
 What does this meane my Lord?

135. *the eye: that dye* (die-2-5Q.)-6Q.

137. *bonds: bawds*-2POPE.

2. *is it: it is*-QQ.

7. *then it: it then*-2-5Q.

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
rouse, | 10

Keepes wassels and the swaggering upspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;

And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.
[This heavy headed reveale east and west
Makes us tradust, and taxed of other nations, ¹ *call*
They clip^{1a} us drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their^b ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore leavens
The forme of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His^c vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale

11. *wassels*: wassail (wassel)—1Q.

17. *And*: But—2-5Q.

19-20. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

^a *clip*: clepe—6Q.

^b *their*: the—POPE.

^c *His*: Their—2POPE.

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.]

Enter Ghost.

20

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death, 30
Have burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jawes,
To cast thee up againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet. 41

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But doe not goe with it.

25. *events*: *intents*—Qq. 28. *Oh, oh, answer*: O answer—Qq.

36. *Revisits*: *Revisit*'st—2-4F.

39. *thee; reaches*: the reaches—Qq.

46. *wafts*: *waves*—Qq.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

50

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?

I doe not set my life at a pins fee;

And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?

Being a thing immortall as it selfe:

It waves me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?

Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,

That beetles o're his base into the Sea,

And there assumes some other horrible forme,

Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason, 60

And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

[The very place puts toyes of desperation

Without more motive, into everie braine

That looks so many fadoms to the sea

And heares it rore beneath.]

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artire in this body,

As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerve:

Still am I cal'd? Unhand me Gentlemen:

By Heav'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me: 70

I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

49. *will I*: I will (will I-IQ.)-2-5Q.

57. *Sonnet*: summit-Rowe.

59. *a-ssumes*: assume-QQ.

61-2. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

62. *wafts*: waves-2-6Q. new l. at Go-QQ.

64. *band*: hands-2-5Q.

67. *Artire*: artery-6Q.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *Another part of the platform.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further. |

Gho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold. 10

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word 20
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

23. *knotty: knotted—Qq.*

And each particular haire to stand an end,
 Like Quilles upon the fretfull Porpentine:
 But this eternall blason must not be
 To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
 If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven!

Gho. Revenge his foule and most unnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther? 31

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
 But this most foule, strange, and unnaturall.

Ham. Hast, hast me to know it,
 That with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
 May sweepe to my Revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
 And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
 That rots it selfe in case, on Lethe Wharfe, 40
 Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
 It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
 A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of Denmarke,
 Is by a forged processe of my death
 Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
 The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
 Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Uncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
 With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts. 50
 Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the power

27. list *Hamlet*, ob: List, list, O-2-5Q. 29. Heaven: God-QQ.

34. Hast, bast me: Haste me-QQ. 34-5. I l.-QQ.

40. rots: roots-QQ. 42, 48. mine: my-QQ.

48. new l. at My uncle-DYCE.

49. adulterate: adulterate-2-4F.

50. wits, batb: wit-POPE; with-QQ.

So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
 To those of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be moved,
 Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heaven: 60
 So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
 Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.
 But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
 Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
 Upon my secure hower thy Uncle stole
 With juyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
 The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man, 70
 That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
 The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like Aygre¹ droppings into Milke, ^{1 bitter}
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth Body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
 Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;

52. to to: to; this: his—QQ. 3-4F.

59. To those of mine: separate l.—POPE.

62. new l. at And prey—QQ.

63. sent the Mornings: scent—ROWE; the morning—2-5Q.

64. mine: my—QQ.

65. in: of—2-5Q.

68. mine: my—QQ.

72. Allies: alleys—HANMER.

74. Aygre, i.e. eager—QQ.

76. bak'd: bark'd—QQ.

80. and: of—QQ.

Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne, 81
 Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head;
 Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
 Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
 A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
 Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive 90
 Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
 And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
 To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
 The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
 And gins to pale his uneffectuall Fire:
 Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of Heaven! Oh Earth; what els?
 And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
 And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
 But beare me stiffely up: Remember thee? 100
 I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
 In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
 Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
 Ile wipe away all triviall fond Records,
 All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
 That youth and observation coppied there;
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live
 Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
 Unmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heaven:
 Oh most pernicious woman! 110
 Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
 My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,

98. *hold my*: **Hold, hold, my-2-4Q.**

109. *yes, yes, by*: **yes, by-2-5Q.** 112. repeated *my Tables* out-2Q.

That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
 Atleast I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke; [*Writing.*]
 So Unckle there you are: now to my word;
 It is; Aduē, Aduē, Remember me: I have sworn't.
Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heaven secure him.

120

Mar. [*Ham.*] So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ist't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reveale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

130

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
 think it? |

But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
 But hee's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
 Grave, to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part: 140
 You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
 For every man ha's businesse and desire,
 Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,

116. new l. at I have-2-5Q.

136-7. *There .. Grave:* 1 l.; new l. at To-2-5Q.

Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere: 150
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene us,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I. 160

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Marcell. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, Indeed.

Gho. Sweare. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene.
Sweare by my sword. 171

Gho. [*Beneath*] Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,

145. *hurling*: whirling-QQ.

149. *my Lord*: Horatio-QQ.

160. new l. at My-CAPELL.

166-7. 2 ll. ending truepenny, cellarage-2-5Q.

167. *one*: on-2-5Q. 2-4F.

173. *for*: our-QQ.

And lay your hands againe upon my sword,
Never to speake of this that you have heard:
Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. [*Beneath*] Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast? |

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends. 180

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy But come,
Here as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)

That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase; 191
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Sweare.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: [*They swear.*] so
Gentlemen, |
With all my love I doe commend me to you; 200

179. *ground: earth*—Qq.

184. *our Philosophy: your philosophy*—Qq. *But come:* separate l.
—HANMER.

189. *time: times*—Qq.

190. *or thus: or this*—Qq.

192. *well, we: Well, well, we*—Qq.

192, 193. *and: an*—HANMER. 193. *there might: they might*—Qq.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you,
 God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
 And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 The time is out of joynt: Oh cursed spight,
 That ever I was borne to set it right.
 Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *A room in Polonius' house.*]

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe marvels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
 Before you visite him you make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said;

Very well said. Looke you Sir, 10
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
 What company, at what expence: and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
 Then your particular demands will touch it,
 Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 And thus I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord. 20

3. *bis*: this—2-5Q.

5. *marvels*: marvellous—4-5Q.

6. *you make inquiry*: to make inquire—2-5Q. 9-10. 1 l.—2-5Q.

18. *And*: As—QQ.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
 But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
 Addicted so and so; and there put on him
 What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
 But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
 As are Companions noted and most knowne
 To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing, 30
 Quarelling, drabbiug. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
 You must not put another scandall on him,
 That hee is open to Incontinencie;
 That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
 That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
 The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
 A savagenes in unreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord. 40

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
 You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working:
 Marke you your party in converse; him you would
 sound, |

Having ever seene. In the prenominate crimes,
 The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd

30-1. *I, .. Quarelling*: 1 l.; new l. at Drabbing-CAPELL.

31. *drabbiug*: drabbing-QQ.2-4F.

39. new l. at Of-2-5Q.

42. new l. at I would-STEEVENS.

44. *warrant*: wit-2-5Q.

47. *Marke you*: separate l.-MALONE.

48. *seene. In*: seen in-2-5Q.

He closes with you in this consequence: 50
 Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
 According to the Phrase and the Addition,
 Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?
 I was about to say something: where did I leave?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:

At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry, 60
 He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or tother day;

Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,

There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,

There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of saile;

Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;

Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;

And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach

With windlasses, and with assaies of Bias, 70

By indirections finde directions out:

So by my former Lecture and advice

Shall you my Sonne; you have me, have you not?

Reynol. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

52. and: or-2-5Q.

55-9. prose-MALONE.

56-7. say? I: say? By the mass 1-2-5Q.

61. closes with you thus: closes thus-2-6Q.

63. such and such: such or such-2-5Q.

64. was be: was a'-2-5Q. 67. See you now: separate l.-CAPELL.

68. Cape: carp-2-5Q. 75. buy you: be wi you-CAPELL.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him plye his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord.

Exit. 80

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungartred, and downe gived to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other, 90
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love?

Ophe. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face, 100
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe;
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,

82-3. 1 l.-2-5Q.

85. *Heaven:* God-QQ.

87. *Lord:* Princ3-Q. (1676).

95. new l. at But-2-5Q.

84. *Alas my:* O, my-QQ.

86. *Chamber:* closet-2-5Q.

89. *gived:* gyved-2-3Q. 2-4F.

105. *That:* As-2-5Q.

And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
 He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
 For out adores he went without their helpe;
 And to the last, bended their light on me. 110

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extasie of Love,
 Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
 And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under Heaven,
 That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
 What have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
 I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
 His accesse to me. 120

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorrie that with better speed and judgement
 I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
 And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my jealousy:
 It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
 To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
 As it is common for the yonger sort
 To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
 This must be knowne, which being kept close might move
 More greefe to hide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.* 130

107. *shoulders*: shoulder-2-3Q.

109. *adores*: o' doors-THEOBALD. *helpe*: helps-2-5Q.

111. *Goe*: Come, go-2-5Q.

122. *speed*: heed-2-5Q.

123. *feare*: fear'd-2-5Q.

124. *wracke*: wreck-2-THEOBALD.

125. *It seemes it*: By heaven it-2-5Q.

Scena Secunda.[*A room in the castle.*]*Enter King, Quene, Rosincrane, and Guildensterne Cumalijs [with Attendants].*

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrane* and *Guildensterne*.
 Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
 The neede we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hastie sending. Something have you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
 Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should bee 10
 More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
 I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young dayes brought up with him:
 And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time: so by your Companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
 [Whether ought to us unknowne afflicts him thus,]
 That open'd lies within our remedie. 20

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
 And sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much Gentry, and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a-while,
 For the supply and profit of our Hope,

2. *Rosincrane: Rosencrantz*—THEOBALD.8. *so I call: so call*—2-5Q.9. *Since not: Sith nor*—2-5Q.15. *since: sith*—2-5Q. *humour: haviour*—2-5Q.19. *Occasions: occasion*—2-5Q.

19-20. bracketed 1.—2-5Q.

Your Visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of us, 30
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosin* crance, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosin* crance.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne. 40

Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule, 51
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I have us'd to do: that I have found

33. *We:* But we-2-5Q.

35. *Services:* service-2-5Q.

40-1. 1 l.-2-5Q.

41. *ye:* you-2-5Q.

42. *the:* these-2-5Q.

45. *Amen:* Ay, amen (1)-2-5Q.

50. *Assure you, my:* I assure my-2-5Q.

52. *one:* and-2-5Q.

55. *I have:* it hath-2-5Q.

The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius.*] 60

He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Levies, which to him appear'd 70
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeved,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Unkle, never more
To give th' assay of Armes against your Majestie.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, 80
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers

57. *I do:* do I-2-5Q.

59. *the Newes:* the fruit-2-5Q.

61. *sweet Queene, that:* dear Gertrude-2-3Q.

65, 67. *Voltumand:* Voltimand-2-4F.

66. *Welcome good:* Welcome, my good-2-5Q.

71, 83. *Poleak:* Polack-QQ.

So levied as before, against the Poleak:

With an intreaty heerein further shewne,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes us well:

And at our more consider'd time wee'l read, 90
Answer, and thinke upon this Businesse.

Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.

Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.

Most welcome home.

Exit Ambass.

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate

What Majestie should be, what Dutie is,

Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.

Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.

Therefore, since Brevitie is the Soule of Wit, 100

And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,

I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:

Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.

But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I use no Art at all:

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,

And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,

But farewell it: for I will use no Art. 110

Mad let us grant him then: and now remaines

That we finde out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause of this defect;

86. *bis*: this (that-1Q.)-2-5Q.

95. *very*: out-2-5Q.

109. *pittie it is*: pity 'tis 'tis-2-5Q.

For this effect defective, comes by cause,
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
 I have a daughter: have, whil'st she is mine,
 Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
 Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads*]

The Letter.

119

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beauti-
 fied O- | phelia.*

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
 Phrase: but you shall heare these [*Reads*] in her excel-
 lent white | bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
 [*Reads*]

*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
 Doubt, that the Sunne doth move:
 Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
 But never Doubt, I love.*

130

*O decre Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not
 Art to | reckon my grones; but that I love thee best, ob
 most Best be- | leeve it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore most decre Lady, whilst this
 Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
 And more above hath his soliciting,
 As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
 All given to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love? 140

115. *Perpend:* separate l.—2-5Q. 116. *whil'st:* while—2-5Q.

123-4. *heare these in .. these:* hear. Thus: In .. these, etc. —GLOBE.

136. *shew'd:* shown—2-5Q. 137. *soliciting:* solicitings—2-5Q.

140. new l. at Received—CAPELL.

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine prove so. But what might you think?
 When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
 As I perceived it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me, what might you
 Or my deere Majestie your Queene heere, think,
 If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
 Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight, 150
 What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
 And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
 This must not be: and then, I Precepts gave her,
 That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens:
 Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Advice,
 And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
 Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse, 160
 Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
 Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,
 And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
 That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know. 169

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulders*] Take this
 from this; if this be otherwise, |

154. *Precepts*: prescripts-2-5Q.

158. *repulsed*. *A*: repulsed—a-Dyce.

162. *whereon*: wherein-2-5Q.

163. *waile*: mourn-2-5Q.

164. 'tis this: 'tis out-2-5Q.

If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes

He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then, 180
Marke the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.* 190
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

175-8. 2 ll. ending together, indeed—QQ.

178. *ha's*: *does*—2-5Q.

184. *And*: *But*—2-5Q.

187-8. 1 l.—2-5Q. 190-1. *Ile* .. *leave*: 1 l.; new l. at *How*—2-5Q.

194. repeated *excellent* out—2-5Q.

199. *two*: *ten*—2-5Q.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord. 200

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion ——

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke too't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh- | ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon- | ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, | I suffred much extreamity for love: very neere this. Ile | speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord? | 212

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slave saies here, that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled: their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeeve; yet I holde it not Honestie to have it thus set downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward. 225

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madnesse,

201-3. prose-2-5Q.

202. good: god-HANMER.

216. matter you meane: matter that you read-2-5Q.

217. slave: rogue-2-5Q.

219. or: and-2-5Q.

220. locke: lack-2-5Q. 221. with weake: with most weak-2-5Q.

223. For you: you out-2-5Q.

224. should be old: shall grow old-2-5Q. 226-8. prose-2-5Q.

Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre: [*Aside*] 230

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A happinesse,

That often Madnesse hits on,

Which Reason and Sanitie could not

So prosperously be deliver'd of.

I will leave him,

And sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting

Betweene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you. 240

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there
hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. [*To Polon.*] God save you Sir. [*Exit Polon.*]

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord? 250

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou
Guildensterne? Oh, *Rosincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye
both?

230-40. prose-2-5Q.

242-3. *life, my life*: life, except my life, except my life-2-5Q.

244. *my Lord*: the Lord-2-5Q.

248. *Rosincran*: Rosincrantz-Rowe. 250. *Mine*: My-2-5Q.

253. *Ok*: Ah-6Q.

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour? 261

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither? 270

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord,

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. 280

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the

256-7. 2 ll. ending happy, button—HANMER.

261. *favour*: *favours*—POPE.

very substance of the Ambitious, is meerey the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow. 289

Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretch Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at *Elsonower*? 300

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale justly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties have not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene have sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord? 312

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

300. *Elsonower*: Elsinore—MALONE.

309. *kinde confession*: kind of confession—2-5Q.

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me | hold not off. 321

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brave ore-hanging, this Majesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so. 340

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service. 348

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his

324. *of your: and your*—2-5Q.

325. *Queene: moult:* colon out—2-5Q.

326-7. *exercise: exercises*—2-5Q. 327. *heavenly: heavily*—2-5Q.

330. *ore-hanging, this: o'erhanging firmament, this*—2-5Q.

343. *laugh, when: laugh, then, when* 2-5Q.

Majesty shall have Tribute of mee: the adventurous Knight shal use his Foyle and Target: the Lover shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes. 361

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty? 367

Rosin. Nay, their indeavour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come hither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Wri-

354. *tickled a'tb'*: tickle o'the—CLAR. PRESS.

366. *they are*: are they—2-5Q.

369-70. *ayrie* .. *Yases*: aiery .. *eyases*—THEOBALD.

372. *be-ratled*: berattle—3-4F. 379. *like most*: most like—POPE.

ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession. 381

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controversie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away? 390

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Unckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish [of trumpets] for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players. 399

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Unckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

392. *not strange*: not very strange-2-5Q.

394. *forty, an*: forty, fifty, an-2-5Q.

395. *There*: 'Sblood, there-2-5Q.

401. *come*: come then-2-5Q.

402. *the*: this-2-5Q.

Enter Polonius.

410

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.*Ham.* Hearke you *Guildesterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.*Rosin.* Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.*Ham.* I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.*Pol.* My Lord, I have Newes to tell you. 420*Ham.* My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome ——*Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.*Ham.* Buzze, buzze.*Pol.* Upon mine Honor.*Ham.* Then can each Actor on his Asse ——*Polon.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men. 433*Ham.* O *Jephtha* Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st | thou?*Pol.* What a Treasure had he, my Lord?*Ham.* Why one faire Daughter, and no more,414. *swathing*: swaddling—QQ.418. *for a*: o'—CAPELL.422. *Rossius*: Roscius—2-4F. *an*: was—QQ.425. *mine*: my—2-5Q.426. *can*: came—2-5Q.430. *indivible*: individable—2-5Q.434. *Jephtha*: Jephthah, and so throughout—GLOBE.437-8. *Why*: separate l.; *one faire*, etc.: 2 ll. verse—CAPELL.

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Jephtha*? 440

Polon. If you call me *Jephtha* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or five Players. 449

Y' are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heaven then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of uncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne | to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l | have a Speech straight. Come give us a tast of your qua- | lity: come, a passionate speech. 460

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviarie* to the

445-6. *Why*: separate l.; *As by lot, God wot*: 1 l. verse—MALONE.
and then you know: separate l.; *It came .. was*: 1 l. verse; new l.
at The—POPE. 447. *Pons*: pious—2-5Q.

448. *Abridgements come*: Abridgement comes—QQ.

452. *valiant*: valanced—QQ. 454. *Heaven*: to heaven—2-5Q.

461. *my Lord*: my good lord—QQ.

Generall: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method [as wholesome as sweete, & by very | much, more handsome then fine:]. One | cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lov'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale | to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks | of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at | this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like | th' *Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus* |

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
 Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, 479
 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
 With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
 To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes. 489
 [So proceede you.]

466. judgement: judgements-QQ. 469. was: were-2-5Q.

471. bracketed ll.-2-5Q. 472. cheefe Speech: cheefe out-2-5Q.

475-6. The rugged .. Beast: separate l.-CAPELL.

482. to take Geulles: total gules-2-5Q.

485. and damned: and a damned-2-5Q.

486. vilde Murthers: lord's murder (murther)-2-5Q.

489-90. bracketed l.-2-5Q. (So goe on-1Q.)

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: unequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved Fäther fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crash 500
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to stiecke:
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause, 510
Arowshed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,

493. *anticke*: antique—POPE.

495. *match*: match'd (matcht)—2-5Q. 499. *bis*: this—2-5Q.

503. *stiecke*: stick—2-5Q. 505. *did nothing*: separate l.—2-5Q.

510. *Region*. So: region, so—2-5Q.

513. *Mars bis*: Mars's (Marses)—2-5Q. 518. *Fallies*: fellies—4F.

And boule the round Nave downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends. 520

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbaras, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot up and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head, 530
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Unlesse things mortall move them not at all) 540
Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heaven,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Locke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well us'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After

525. *inobled*: *mobled*-Qq. 2-4F.

527. *Inobled*: *mobled*-Qq. 2-4F.

528-9. 1 l.-Qq.

529. *flame*: *flames*-2-5Q. 530. *about*: *upon* (on-1Q.)-2-5Q.

543. *where*: *whether*-MALONE. 548. *Abstracts*: *abstract*-2-5Q.

your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you lived. 550

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Use everie man
after his desert, and who should scape whipping: use
them after your own Honor and Dignity. Thelesse they
deserve, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polon.

[*with all Players but First*].

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow.
Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of *Gonzago*? 561

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good Friends,
Ile leave you til night | you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt. 570

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: [*Exit Ros. and Guil.*]
Now I am alone. |

Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?

Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,

But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,

550. *lived*: live—Qq. 553. *man, better*: man much better—2-5Q.

554. *should*: shall—2-5Q.

565. *ye*: you—2-5Q.

572. *buy'ye*: be wi'ye—CAPELL.

575. *Fixion*: fiction—2-4F.6Q.

Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
 Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
 A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
 With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?

For *Hecuba*?

581

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
 Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
 That I have? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
 And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech:
 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
 Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
 Upon whose property, and most deere life,
 A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
 Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
 Tweakes me by'th' Nose? gives me the Lye i'th' Throate,
 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slaves Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!

590

600

576. *whole*: *own*-2-5Q.

577. *warm'd*: *wann'd*-2-5Q.

587. *apale*: *appall*-Rowe.

589. *faculty*: *faculties*-QQ. *Yet I*: separate l.-JOHNSON.

599. *Ha?*: separate l.-STEEVENS (1793). *Why I*: 'Swounds I-QQ.

603. *a*: *out*-2-5Q.

Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most brave,
 That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
 Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
 Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
 And fall a Cursing like a very Drab, 610
 A Scullion? Fye upon't: Foh. About my Braine.
 I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Have by the very cunning of the Scène,
 Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
 For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
 With most myraculous Organ. Ile have these Players,
 Play something like the murder of my Father,
 Before mine Unkle. Ile observe his lookes,
 Ile tent¹ him to the quicke: If he but blench 620
 I know my course. The Spirit that I have seene
 May be the Divell, and the Divel hath power ¹*probe*
 T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
 Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
 As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 Abuses me to damne me. Ile have grounds
 More Relative then this: The Play's the thing,
 Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

[Act III. Scene i. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
 Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:

606. *Who: Why*—2-5Q. *I sure:* out—2-5Q.

607. *the Deere: a dear father*—4-5Q.

611-12. *A Scullion:* separate l.—CAPELL. *Fye .. beard:* 1 l.—CAPELL.

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe: 10
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receive you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought¹ on the way: of these we told him, 20
And there did seeme in him a kinde of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order ¹*overtook*
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Majesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on 30
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father. and my selfe (lawful espials)

18. new l. at To-CAPELL.

20. wrought: raught-2-5Q.

29-31. 3 ll. ending inclined, edge, delights-POPE.

35. there: here-2-5Q. 36. Affront Ophelia: separate l.-JOHNSON.

Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseene
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him, as he is behaved,
 If't be th'affliction of his love, or no. 40
 That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
 And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
 That your good Beauties be the happy cause
 Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
 Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
 To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
 We will bestow our selves: [*To Ophelia*] Reade on
 this booke, | 50

That shew of such an exercise may colour
 Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
 And pious Action, we do surge o're
 The divell himselfe.

King. [*Aside*] Oh 'tis true:
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience?
 The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 Then is my deede, to my most painted word. 60
 Oh heavie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt [*King and Pol.*].

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,

49. *ye: you*-2-5Q.

54. *surge: sugar*-2-5Q.

56. *'tis true: 'tis too true*-2-5Q.

Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end 70
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
 That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
 When we have shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
 Must give us pawse. There's the respect
 That makes Calamity of so long life:
 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
 The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely, 80
 The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
 The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
 No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will,
 And makes us rather beare those illes we have, 90
 Then flye to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the Native hew of Resolution
 Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of 'Thought,
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their Currants turne away,
 And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons

76. *shuffel'd*: shuffled-3-4F.85. *these*: out-2-5Q.95. *pith*: pitch-2-5Q.80. *poore*: proud-2-5Q.88. *Borne*: bourn-CAPELL.96. *away*: awry-2-5Q.

Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord, 100

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:

Take these againe, for to the Noble minde 110

Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove unkinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Commerce
then your Honestie? 120

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it
proofe. I did love you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeve so.

Ham. You should not have beleeved me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loved you not.

106. *No, no: No, not* 1-2-5Q.; separate l.—CAPELL.

107. *I know: you know*—2-5Q. 109. *rich, then: rich: their*—2-5Q.

120. *then your: than with*—2-5Q.

Ophe. I was the more deceived. 130

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowde, revengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, beleeeve none of us. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father? 140

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou doest Marry, Ile give thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell. 151

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are

136. *in imagination*: in, imagination-2-5Q.

138. *Heaven and Earth*: earth and heaven-2-5Q.

143. *way*: where-2-5Q.

153. *pratlings*: paintings-QQ.

154. *has*: hath-2-5Q. *pave*: face-QQ. *your selfe*: yourselves-5Q.

155. *gidge*: jig-QQ.

married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.* 160

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe.
Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soveraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, 171
T'have seene what I have seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quicke determination 180
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleewe
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe

166. *Have I:* And I-2-5Q.

179. *which to:* which for to-2-5Q.

189. *this:* his-2-3Q.

Sprung from neglected love. How now *Ophelia*? 190
 You neede not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
 And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
 Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
 To England send him: Or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:

200

Madnesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *A hall in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
 as many of your Players do, I had as live the Town-Cryer
 had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
 your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the verie Tor-
 rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
 Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
 may give it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
 to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-
 on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
 Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
 nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
 have such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you avoid it. 15

195. *Greefes:* grief—2-5Q.

5. *bad:* out—2-5Q.

5-6. *much your:* much with your—2-5Q.

7-8. *of Passion:* of your passion—2-5Q.

10. *see:* hear—2Q.

13. *could:* would—2Q.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardie off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Judicious greeve; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Jouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir. 38

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that uses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

20. ore-stop: o'erstep-2-4Q.

28-9. o're-way: o'erweigh (ore-)-2-5Q.

33. or Norman: nor man-2-5Q.

Enter Polonius, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,

Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently. 50

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as just a man
As ere my Conversation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter: 60

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revennew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing. 70
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,

48-9. 1 l.—POPE.

64. *tongue, like:* tongue lick—2-5Q.

66. *faining:* fawning—2-5Q.

67. *my:* her—2-5Q.

72. *Hath:* Hast—2-5Q.

That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him
 In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a Play to night before the King,
 One Scène of it comes neere the Circumstance 80
 Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
 I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
 Even with the verie Comment of my Soule
 Observe mine Unkle: If his occulted guilt,
 Do not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seene:
 And my Imaginations are as foule
 As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his Face:
 And after we will both our judgements joyne, 90
 To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.

If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
 Guildensterne, and other Lords attendant, with
 his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
 March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.¹
 Get you a place. ^{*I seem empty-headed*} 100

King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
 the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these
 words are not mine.

83. *my*: *thy*-2-5Q.

88. *Stytbe*: *stithy*-2-5Q.

91. *To*: *In*-2-5Q.

Ham. No, nor mine. [*To Polon.*] Now my Lord, you plaid once | i'th' University, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact? 110

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Ophe. No my Lord. 120

Ham. I meane, my Head upon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maid's legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord. 130

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

106. *mine. Now my: mine now.* My-JOHNSON.

108. *I did: did I* (I did-1Q.)-2-5Q.

110. *And what: And out*-QQ.

116. *good: dear*-2-5Q.

117. *Mettle: metal*-ROWE.

133. *within's: within these*-1Q.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile have a suite of Sables. Oh Heavens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot. 142

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Layes him downe upon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. Exeunt |

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play? 160

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

146. declines: misprint 1F. 157. that: it (that-1Q.)-2-5Q.
161. these Fellowes: this fellow-QQ.

Ophe. Will they tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedie, 170
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter [Players] King and his Queene.

[P.] *King.* Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round, |

Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
 And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
 About the World have times twelve thirties beene,
 Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands 181
 Unite comutually, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. [P. Queen] So many journies may the Sunne and Moone |

Make us againe count o're, ere love be done.
 But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
 So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
 That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
 Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
 For womens Feare and Love, holds quantitie,
 In neither ought, or in extremity: 190

Now what my love is, prooffe hath made you know,
 And as my Love is siz'd, my Feare is so.

[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great love growes there.]

King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst, 200
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleeeve you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie: 210
Which now like Fruite unripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Joy,
Their owne enactors with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most Revels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe joyes, Joy greeves on slender accident. 220
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

192-3. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

194. *my*: *their*—2-5Q.

196. period out—Rowe.

207. *you*. *Think*: *you think*—2-5Q.

217. *other*: *either*—2-5Q.

218. *enactors*: *enactures*—2-5Q.

That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
 The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies,
 The poore advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
 And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lacke a Friend:
 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his Enemy. 230
 But orderly to end, where I begun,
 Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
 That our Devices still are overthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
 So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
 Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
 [To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 And^a Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,]
 Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy: 240
 Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne:
 Sweet, leave me heere a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
 And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exit*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play? 250

225. *favourites*: *favourite*-2-5Q.3-4F.

237. *give me*: *me give*-2-5Q.

238-9. [bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *And*: *An*-THEOBALD.

244-5. 11.-2Q.

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no Offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically: 'This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knavish peece of worke: But what o'that? Your Majestie, and wee that have free soules, it touches us not: let the gall d jade winch: our withers are unrunng.

Enter Lucianus.

264

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love: if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

271

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

251. *protests*: doth protest (protests-1Q.)-2-5Q.

263. *winch*: wince-1Q. *unrung*: unwrung-3-4F.4-5Q.

266. *are a good*: are as good as a-QQ.

273. *mistake*: must take your-1Q.

273. prose-2-5Q.

277-8. 1 l.-QQ.

Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
 Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
 With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected, 281
 Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
 On wholsome life, usurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His
 name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
 Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
 love of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire. 290

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Excunt*

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
 The Hart ungalled play:
 For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
 So runnes the world away. 299
 Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
 my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinciaall
 Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
 of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
 For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
 This Realme dismantled was of Jove himselfe,
 And now reignes heere.
 A verie verie Pajocke.

Hora. You might have Rim'd. 310

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come the Records: |

For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.

Come some Musicke. 320

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller. 331

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-

317. *Ob:* Ah-2-5Q.

329. *bis Doctor:* the Doctor-2-5Q.

some answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse. 342

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gnild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer: my wits diseas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration. 350

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration? [*Impart.*]

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend. 362

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

344. *Gnild.*: misprint 1F.

346. *answers*: answer-2-5Q.

347. *rather you*: rather as you-2-5Q.

353. [*Impart.*]-2-5Q.

361. *freely .. of*: surely .. upon-POPE.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle? 371

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord. 380

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: governe these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of hermony, I have not the skill. 386

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to be plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you Sir. 396

369. *Recorder: recorders*-2-5Q. *see, to: see one.* To-2-5Q. punctuation-POPE.

381. *'Tis: It is*-2-5Q.

383. *excellent: eloquent* (delicate-1Q.)-2-5Q.

393. *it. Why .. that: it speak.* 'Sblood; *that out*-2-5Q.

395. *me, you: me, yet you*-1Q.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell. 401

Polon. By'th' Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit. 410

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends:
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but use none: 420
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them Seales, never my Soule consent.

400. *that:* yonder—Qq.

401. *like:* of—Qq.

402. *Misse:* mass—2-5Q. *it's:* 'tis—Qq.

407. *will I:* I will—Qq.

407-9. prose—POPE.

422. *somever:* soever—6Q.

[Scene iii. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is 10
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your Majestie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests
The lives of many, the cease of Majestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele 20
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put upon this feare,

7. *dangerous:* near us (neer's-2-5Q.)-6Q. 13-14. 1 l.-2-5Q.

17. *spirit:* weale-2-5Q. *depends and rests:* depend and rest-HAN-
MER. 21. *Somnet:* summit-ROWE.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us.

Excunt Gent. 30

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile convey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. 40

King. Thankes deere my Lord. [*Exit Polonius.*]
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Where thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood, 50
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke up,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serve my turne? Forgive me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possess
Of those effects for which I did the Murther. 60
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:

May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currants of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice,
 And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? What rests? 70
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
 Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
 Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
 Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
 All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heaven, 81
 And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd,
 A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
 I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
 To heaven. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
 And how his Audit stands, who knowes, save Heaven:
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heavie with him: and am I then reveng'd, 90
 To take him in the purging of his Soule,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

84. *foule*: sole-2-5Q.

85. *To heaven*: separate l.-2-5Q.

87. *fresh*: flush-2-5Q.

92. *No*: separate l.-2-5Q.

Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent¹
 When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage, ^{1 course}
 Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
 That ha's no relish of Salvation in't,
 Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heaven,
 And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother staves, 100
 This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. [*Rising*] My words flye up, my thoughts remain below, |

Words without thoughts, never to Heaven go. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *The Queen's closet.*]

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
 Looke you lay home to him,
 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to beare with,
 And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stooode betweene
 Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
 Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
 Withdraw, I heare him comming. 10

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

99. *aud*: misprint FF. 2-3. 1 l.-2-5Q. 5. *scree'nd*: screen'd-4F.

6. *silence*: sconce-WARBURTON.

8-10. 2 ll. ending *you, coming*-HANMER.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so: 20

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,

But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge:

You go not till I set you up a glasse,

Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. [*Behind*] What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe. 30

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead. | [*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind*] Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell, 40

I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

16. an idle: a wicked-2-5Q.

34. new l. at Is-CAPELL.

22. you: it-2-5Q.

41. Betters: better-QQ.

If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
 If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
 That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
 In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

50

That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
 Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
 And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
 As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
 As from the body of Contraction pluckes
 The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
 A rapsodie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
 Yea this solidity and compound masse,
 With tristfull visage as against the doome,
 Is thought-sicke at the act.

60

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders
 in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:

See what a grace was seated on his Brow,

Hyperions curles, the front of Jove himselfe,

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command

A Station, like the Herald. Mercurie

New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:

70

A Combination, and a forme indeed,

Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.

Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare

46. *braz'd*: brass'd (bras'd)-2-5Q.

47. *is*: be-2-5Q.

54. *makes*: sets-2-5Q.

62-3. new l. at That-2-5Q.

66. *his*: this-2-5Q.

68. *or*: and-2-5Q.

Blasting his wholsom breath. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed,
 And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, 80
 And waites upon the Judgement: and what Judgement
 Would step from this, to this? [Sence sure you have
 Els could you not have motion, but sure that sence
 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
 Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choise
 To serve in such a difference.] What divell was't, |
 That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
 [Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight.
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance^a all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sence
 Could not so mope.]

O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
 When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
 Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth burne,
 As Reason panders Will. 90

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
 And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
 As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the ranke sweat of an enseamed¹ bed, ¹ *defiled*
 Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love

76. *breath*: brother-2-5Q.

83-4. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

88. *Ardure*: ardour-Pope.

82. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *sance*: sans-6Q.

90. *As*: And-2-5Q.

Over the nasty Styë.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares. 100
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth patt the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice¹ of Kings, ¹*buffoon*
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches. 110
Save me; and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule, 120
Conceit² in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*. ²*imagining*

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,

100. *mine*: *my*-2-5Q.

103. *patt*: *part*-2-5Q.2-4F.

112. *you*: *your*-2-5Q.

116. *Ob say*: separate l.-THEOBALD.

125. *you bend*: *you do bend* (thus *you bend*-1Q.)-2-5Q.

126. *their corporall*: *the incorporal*-2-5Q.

And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
 Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
 Start up, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne, 130
 Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
 His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capeable. Do not looke upon me,
 Least with this pitteous action you convert
 My sterne effects: then what I have to do,
 Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? 140

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
 My Father in his habite, as he lived,
 Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
 This bodillesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time, 150
 And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
 That I have uttered; bring me to the Test
 And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
 Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
 Lay not a flattering Unction to your soule,
 That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
 It will but skin and filme the Ulcerous place,
 Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,

139. *who*: whom-2-4F.2-5Q.

147-9. 3 ll. ending Brain, ecstasy, in. Ecstasy-POPE.

155. *a*: that-2-5Q.

158. *Whil'st*: Whiles-2-5Q.

Infects unseene. Confesse your selfe to Heaven,
 Repent what's past, avoyd what is to come, 160
 And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
 To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue,
 For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
 Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
 Yea courb, and woe,¹ for leave to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*, *¹ bend and plead*
 Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other halfe.
 Good night, but go not to mine Unkles bed, 170
 Assume a Vertue, if you have it not,
 [That monster custome, who all sense doth eate
 Of habits devill, is angell yet in this
 That to the use of actions faire and good,
 He likewise gives a frock or Livery
 That aptly is put on] refraine to night, |
 And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
 To the next abstinence. [the next more easie:
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either^b the devill, or throwe him out
 With wondrous potency:] Once more goodnight, |
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
[Pointing to Polonius.]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well

161. *or: on*-2-5Q.162. *ranke: ranker*-2-5Q.163. *this: these*-2-4F.2-5Q.

166-7. 11.-2-5Q.

171. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

173. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^b *either the: either the*-CAMBRIDGE.

The death I gave him: so againe, good night. 180
 I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behinde.
 [One word more good Lady.]

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
 Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
 Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,
 And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
 Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
 Make you to ravell all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madnesse, 190
 But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
 Would from a Paddocke,¹ from a Bat, a Gibbe,²
 Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
 No in despite of Sense and Secrecie, ¹*toad*
 Unpegge the Basket on the houses top: ²*cat*
 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
 To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life: I have no life to breath 201
 What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. [Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoole-fellowes, |

Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
 They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way

182-3. bracketed words-2-5Q.

185. *blunt*: bloat (blowt-2-5Q.)-WARBURTON.

191. *made*: mad-2-4F. 2-5Q. 203-4. 2 five-accent ll.-CAPELL.

205. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

And marshall me to knavery: let it worke,
 For tis the sport to have the enginer
 Hoist with his owne petar, an't^a shall goe hard
 But I will delve one yard belowe their mines,
 And blowe them at the moone: Ô tis most sweete
 When in one line two crafts directly meete,]
 This man shall set me packing: |
 Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
 Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life, a foolish prating Knave.
 Come sir, to draw toward an end with you. 210
 Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

[Act IV. Scene i. *A room in the castle.*]

Enter King. [Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

King. There's matters in these sighes.
 These profound heaves
 You must translate; 'Tis fit we understand them.
 Where is your Sonne? [Bestow this place on us a little
 while.] | [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
 Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
 Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre, 10
 He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,

^a *an't*: and't—THEOBALD.

2-3. 1 l.—2-5Q.

6. *my good*: mine own—2-5Q.

11. *He whips .. Rapier out, and cries*: Whips out his Rapier,
 cries—2-5Q.

2. *matters*: matter—2-5Q.

5-6. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

8. *Seas*: sea—QQ.

And in his brainish apprehension killes
The unseene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed:

It had bin so with us had we beene there:

His Liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your selfe, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?

It will be laide to us, whose providence ¹*public places*

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,^{1 20}

This mad yong man. But so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit,

But like the Owner of a foule disease,

To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,

O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare

Among a Minerall of Mettels base

Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away: 30

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,

But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,

We must with all our Majesty and Skill

Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Ho *Guildestern*:

Friends both go joyne you with some further ayde:

Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,

And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, wee'll call up our wisest friends, 41

To let them know both what we meane to do,

12. *his*: this-2-5Q. 24. *let's*: let-2-5Q. 34-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

38. *Mother Clossets*: mother's closet-2-5Q.2-4F.

42. *To*: And-2-5Q.

And what's untimely done. [Whose whisper ore the
 worlds dyameter, |
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck¹ 1 mark
 Transports his poysned shot may misse our Name,
 And hit the woundlesse ayre.] Oh come away, |
 My soule is full of discord and dismay. Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. [*Ros.* } *Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.*
 Guil.]

Ham. What noise? Who cals on *Hamlet*?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeve it. 10

Rosin. Beleeeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
 owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
 plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes up the Kings Countenance, his
 Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
 best service in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in
 the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
 when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but squee-
 zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe. 21

43. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

43. *done: done*—CAMBRIDGE.

4. *What: But soft, what*—2-3Q.

4-5. 1 l.—2-3Q.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Exeunt 31

[Scene iii. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter King. [*Attended.*]

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie: How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:

Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:

Hee's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:

And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd

But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and even,

This sodaine sending him away, must seeme

Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne, 10

By desperate appliance are releevd,

Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildensterne*? Bring in my Lord. 20

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now Hamlet, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine convocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's the end. 30

[*King.* Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a king, & | eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.]

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Att.*] 40

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

26. of wormes: of politic worms-QQ.

28. our selfe: ourselves-2-4F.2-5Q.

29. to dishes: two dishes-2-4F.QQ. 30-1. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

37. not this: not within this-2-5Q.

40. ye: you-QQ.

41. of thine: out-2-5Q.

With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good. 50

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night. 60
Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us; thou maist not coldly set
Our Sovereigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England, 70
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

46. at bent: is bent—2-5Q.

58-9. 1 l.—Rowe.

52. see's him: sees them—2-5Q.

69. conjuring: congruing—2-5Q.

[Scene iv. *A plain in Denmark.*]

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendevous:
If that his Majesty would ought with us,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on. *Exit.* 10
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*]

[*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.*

[*Ham.* Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,¹
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name ¹*exaggeration*
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets

4. *Claimes*: *Craves*—2-5Q. 5. *Rendevous*: *rendezvous*—4-6Q.
10. *safely*: *softly*—2-5Q. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

Will not debate the question of this straw^a
 This is th' Impostume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you^b sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

How all occasions doe informe against me,
 And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capabilitie and god-like reason
 To fust in us unusd, now whether it be
 Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortall, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 When honour's at the stake, how stand I then

a colon after straw—CAPELL.

b buy you: be wi'you—CAPELL.

That have a father kild, a mother staine,
 Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the staine, ô from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.]

[Scene v. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*]

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
 will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
 There's trickes i' th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurnes enviously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
 That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move 10
 The hearers to Collection;¹ they ayme at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
 Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. ¹*inference*

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
 For she may strew dangerous conjectures
 In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

3-4. new l. at Her-CAPELL.

14. *would: might*-2-5Q.

16-18. 3 ll. ending strew, minds, in-COLLIER.

To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
 Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse, 20
 So full of Artlesse jealousie is guilt,
 It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter [Horatio with] Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Ophe. [*Sings*] *How shonld I your true love know
 from another one? |*

By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

[*Sings*] *He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and
 gone, |* 30

At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

[*Sings*] *White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.*

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. [*Sings*] *Larded with sweet flowers:
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,
 With true-love showres.*

King. How do ye, pretty Lady? 40

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
 a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
 know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

26. *shonld*: should—2-4F.2-5Q.

26-7. 4 ll. ending know, one, staff, shoon—CAPELL.

30-1. 4 ll. ending lady, gone, turf, stone—CAPELL.

31. Oh, oh! added (*O ho*—QQ.)—CAPELL. 40. ye: you—2-5Q.

41. *God dil'd*: God'ild—CAPELL.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this: [*Sings*]
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt¹ the chamber
dore, | ¹ opened
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

51

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

[*Sings*] *By gis, and by S. Charity,*

Alacke, and fie for shame:

Yong men wil doe't, if they come too't,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed:

So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,

And thou hadst not come to my bed. 60

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,

Give her good watch I pray you: [*Exit Horatio.*]

Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs 70

All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*

When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,

47-8. 4 ll. ending day, betime, window, Valentine-QQ.

49-50. 4 ll. ending clothes, door, maid, more-IQ. JOHNSON.

60. *And:* AN-HANMER.

61. *this:* thus-2-4F.2-5Q.

68-9. 1 l.-2-5Q.

But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slaine,
 Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
 Of his owne just remove: the people muddied,
 Thicke and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
 For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly
 In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
 Divided from her selfe, and her faire Judgement,
 Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these, 81
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,
 Keepest on his wonder, keepest himselfe in clouds,
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
 With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
 Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
 Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
 In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
 Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
 Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.* 90

Enter a Messenger [Gentleman].

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes. [*Gent.*] Save your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (over-peering of his List)

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste

Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,

Ore-bearcs your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to begin, 100

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

73. *Battaliaes*: battalions-2-5Q.

83. *Keepest*: Feeds-2-5Q.

87. *persons*: person-2-5Q.

93-5. 2 five-accent ll.-2-5Q.

97. *impittious*: impetuous-4-5Q. 2-4F.

The Ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King. ¹*across scent*

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
 Oh this is Counter¹ you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes [armed; Danes following].

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. [*Danes*] No, let's come in. 111

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

Al. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaimes me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Even heere betweene the chaste unsmirched brow 120

Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,

That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?

Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:

There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason can but peepe to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,

Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.

Speake man.

110. *the King, sirs?*: this king? Sirs-2-5Q.

114-16. 2 ll. ending King, *Laertes*-2-5Q. 117-18. 1 l.-2-5Q.

117. *that calmes*: that's calm-2-5Q.

Laer. Where's my Father? 130

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Juggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest divell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father. 140

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies. 150

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,

145-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

147. *if: is't* (i'st-2-5Q.)-6Q.

148. *Soop-stake: swoop-stake* (swoop-stake-like)-1Q.

153. *Politician: pelican*-2-4F.2-5Q.

158. *sensible: sensibly*-2-3,5-6Q.

It shall as leuell to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

160

A noise within. [Dances] Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?

Oh heate drie up my Braines, teares seven times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:

Oh Heavens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

170

Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of it selfe

After the thing it loves.

*Ophc. [Sings] They bore him bare fac'd on the
Beer, |*

Hey non nony, nony, bey nony:

And on his grave raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
venge, it could not move thus.

179

*Ophc. [Sings] You must sing downe a-downe, and
you call | him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele be-
comes it? It is | the false Steward that stole his masters
daughter. |*

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

166. *by*: with-2-5Q.

167. *turnes*: turn-2-5Q.

176. *raines*: rain'd-2-5Q.

177. *Fare .. Dove*: not as part of song-CAPELL.

178-9. 2 ll. ending *revenge*, thus-2-5Q.

180-1. *You .. a-downe-a*: as part of song-JOHNSON.

180. *downe*: adowne-2-5Q. and: An-CAPELL.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray love remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted. 188

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would give you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he made a good end;

[Sings] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Favour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. [Sings] *And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:*

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never wil come againe.

201

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

210

185. *Paconcies*: pansies (pansey-1Q.)-2-4F. 2-5Q.

191. *Herbe-Grace*: herb of grace-QQ. a: o'-THEOBALD.

200. 2 rhymed ll.-JOHNSON. 202. *Beard as*: beard was as-2-5Q.

203. *Pole*: poll-HANMER.

204. 2 rhymed ll.-JOHNSON.

205. *Gramercy*: God ha'mercy-COLLIER.

206-7. 1 l. CAPELL.

207. *God buy ye*: God be wi'ye-CAPELL.

208. *you Gods*: O God-2-5Q.

209. *common*: commune-2-5Q. 2-4F.

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
 And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me;
 If by direct or by Colaterall hand
 They finde us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
 Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
 To you in satisfaction. But if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

220

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
 No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
 No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
 That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.

I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

[Scene vi. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylors sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in, [Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee too.

9

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
 for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadors that was

221. *buriall: funeral*-2-5Q.

225. *call: call't*-2-5Q.

10. *and't: an't*-6Q.4F. 11. *Ambassadors: ambassador*-2-5Q.

bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

[*Hor.*] *Reads the Letter.*

Horatio, *When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these | Fellowes some meanes to the King: They have Letters | for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very | Warlicke appointment gave us Chace. Finding our selves too | slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I | boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so | I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with mee, like | Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe | a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have | sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest | flye death. I have words to speake in your eare, will make thee | dnmbe, yet are they much too light for the bore¹ of the Matter. | These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance | and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them | I have much to tell thee, Farewell.* ¹ *caliber*
He that thou knowest thine, 30

Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
 And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
 To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

[Scene vii. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
 And you must put me in your heart for Friend,

19. *Valour.* In: valour, and in—2-5Q. 24. *hast:* speed—2-5Q.
 25. *your:* thine—2-5Q. 26. *dnmbe:* dumb—2-4F.
 32. *give:* make—4-5Q.

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Eaer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else, 10
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much unsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive, 20
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender¹ beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection, ^{1 people}
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would have reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe) 30
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke

7. *Eaer.*: *Laer.*-2-4F.

13. *unsinnowed*: *unsinew'd*-3-4F.

14. *And*: *But*-2-5Q.

27. *arm'd*: *aim'd*-2-4F. 2-5Q.

30. *Who was*: *Whose worth*-2-5Q.

33-4. 1 l.-2-5Q.

That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
 That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
 And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
 I lov'd your Father, and we love our Selfe,
 And that I hope will teach you to imagine ———

Enter a Messenger.

40

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Majesty: this to the *Queene*.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
 They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
 [Of him that brought them.]

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:
 Leave us.

Exit Messenger

[*Reads*] *High and Mighty, you shall know I am set
 naked on your | Kingdom. To morrow shall I begge
 leave to see your Kingly | Eyes. When I shall (first
 asking your Pardon thereunto) re- | count th' Occasions
 of my sodaine, and more strange returne.*

52

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
 Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand? ¹ *handwriting*

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character,¹ naked and in a Post-
 script here he sayes alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
 It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,

60

41-3. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*, *Queen*—THEOBALD.

46-7. bracketed l.—2-5Q. 52. *Occasions*: occasion—2-5Q.

55. *abuse*? Or: abuse, and—2-5Q.

57-8. 3 ll. ending 'Naked,' 'alone,' me—2-5Q. marked as quotation—JENNENS.

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'l not o'errule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking¹ at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Device, ¹*rebelling*
Under the which he shall not choose but fall; 70
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident:

[*Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You have beene talkt of since your travaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siedge.² ²*rank*

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud^a in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse livery that it weares
Then settled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and gravenes;] Some two Monthes
hence |
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,

62-4. 3 ll. ending *Laertes*, otherwise, me .. lord-2-5Q.

65. *If so*: Ay, my lord so -2-5Q.

73. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

73. some .. *hence*: Two months since-2-5Q.

^a *ribaud*: riband-3-5Q.

I've seene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
 And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
 And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
 As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
 With the brave Beast, so farre he past my thought, 80
 That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life *Lamound*.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
 And Jemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
 And gave you such a Masterly report, 90
 For Art and exercise in your defence;
 And for your Rapier most especially, ¹*fencers*
 That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you [the Scrimures^a of their nation,
 He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you opposd them.] Sir. This report of his |
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
 That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
 Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
 Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you? 100
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

76. *ran*: can-2-5Q.

80. *past*: topp'd (topt)-2-5Q.

88. *our*: the-2-5Q.

94. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

99. *Why*: What-2-5Q.

77. *into*: unto-2-5Q.

85. *Lamound*: Lamond-POPE.

92. *especially*: especial-2-5Q.

^a *Scrimures*: scrimers-4-5Q.

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
[There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of weeke^a or spufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would change,^b
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spendthrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'ulcer,]
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

110

Laer. To cut his throat i'th'Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving, 120
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited,¹ and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father. ¹ *unblunted*

107-8. bracketed ll.—2-5Q.

^a weeke: wick—2Rowe.

^b change: changes—5Q.

Laer. I will doo't,
 And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
 I bought an Unction of a Mountebanke
 So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
 Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
 Collected from all Simples that have Vertue 130
 Under the Moone, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

Kin Let's further thinke of this,
 Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
 May fit us to our shape, if this should faile;
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project
 Should have a backe or second, that might hold, 140
 If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
 Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
 I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
 As make your bowts more violent to the end,
 And that he cals for drinke; Ile have prepar'd him
 A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,¹ ¹ *thrust*
 Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
 So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where? 152

128. *I but dipt; that but dip*-2-5Q. 141. *should: did*-2-5Q.

142. *commings: cunnings*-2-5Q.

143. *I ha't: separate l.*-JOHNSON. 144. *the end: that end*-2-5Q.

148. *how sweet: how now sweet*-2-4F.2-5Q.

151. *they'l: they*-2-5Q.

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
 That shewes his hore leaves in the glassie streame:
 There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
 That liberall¹ Shepheards give a grosser name;
 But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
 There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
 Clambring to hang; an envious sliver broke, 160
 When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
 And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable² of her owne distresse, ¹ *licentious*
 Or like a creature Native, and indued ² *unconscious*
 Unto that Element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
 Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
 To muddy death. 170

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
 It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
 Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
 The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
 I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
 But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:* 180
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
 Now feare I this will give it start againe;
 Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

161. *the:* her-2-5Q. 168. *with her:* with their-2-4F.2-5Q.

169. *buy:* lay-2-5Q. 171. *is she:* she is-2-3Q.

179. *doubts:* douts-KNIGHT.

[Act V. Scene i. *A churchyard.*]

Enter two Clownes [with spades, &c.].

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight,¹ the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall. ¹ *straightway*

Clo. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so. 9

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Delver.

Clown. Give me leave; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himsele; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life. 21

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should have beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christi-

12-13. *an Act: to act*—2-5Q.

18. *himsele: himself*—2-4F.

an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up
Adams Profession. 32

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a`Heathen? how dost thou under-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another ques-
tion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-
fesse thy selfe ——— 40

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives a
thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come. 50

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when
you are ask't this question next, say a Grave-maker: the

Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee
to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liqueur. 62

[*Exit Sec. Clown.*]

[*He digs and*] *Sings.*

*In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweete:*

*To contract O the time for a my behove,
O me thought there was nothing meete.*

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easi-
nesse. 71

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps
bath caught me in his clutch:*

*And bath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never beene such.* 78

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the knave jowles it to th' grownd, as if it
were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murther: It
might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Of-
fices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

61. *lasts*: last-4-5Q.4F.

76. *caught*: claw'd-2-5Q.

83. *could*: would-2-5Q.

Hor. I, my Lord.

89

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets¹ with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

¹ *ninepins*

Clowne sings.

*A Pickbaxe and a Spade, a Spade
for and a shrowding-Sheete:*

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

100

[T'bows up another skull.]

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Sconce² with a dirty Shovell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

115

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

² *head*

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

92. *if: an*—CAPELL.

102. *of of: of*—2-4F.

Quiddits: quiddities—2-5Q.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?

121

Clo. Mine Sir:

[*Sings*] *O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

130

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

139

Ham. How absolute the knave is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivocation will undoe us: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe.¹ How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th'yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since? ¹ *chilblain*

119. *that*: which-2-5Q.

121. *Sir*: sirrah-2-5Q.

142. *these*: this-2-5Q.

144. *beeles*: heel-2-4F.2-5Q. *of our*: of the-2-5Q.

147. *o'recame*: overcame-2-5Q.

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England. 151

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely? 160

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I have bin sixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another? 170

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

151. *was*: is-2-5Q.

156. *him, there*: him there; there-2-3Q.

163. *sixeteene*: sexton (sexten)--2-3Q.

176-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Clo. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

182

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-* | *ratio*, a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he | hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how | abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere | hung those lipps, that I have kist I know not how oft. | Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your | Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to | set the 'Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own | Jeering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies | Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this | favour¹ she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry- | thee *Horatio* tell me one thing. |

195

Hor. What's that my Lord?

¹face

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th'earth?

Hor. E'ene so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

200

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'ene so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

179. *pestlence*: pestilence-2-4F.

181. *this same Scull sir*: out-2-5Q.

186-7. *And how abhorred my Imagination is*: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is-2-5Q. 191. *No*: Not-2-5Q.

192. *Jeering*: grinning-2-5Q.

200. *Pub*: pah-2-5Q.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? 211
Imperiall Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
 Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
 But sost, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
 with Lords attendant.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
 And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
 The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand, 221
 Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*]

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have bin as farre inlarg'd.
 As we have warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
 And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd, 230
 Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,

205. *consider: to curiously: consider too curiously*—2-4F.

212. *Imperiall: Imperious*—Q.

216. *sost: soft*—2-4F.

219. *that: this*—2-5Q.

222. *'twas some: 'twas of some*—2-5Q.

225. new l. at A very—CAPELL.

228. *warrantis: warranty*—4-5Q. 231. *praier: prayers*—2-5Q.

Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her:
 Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
 Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
 To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted Soules.

240

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
 And from her faire and unpolluted flesh,
 May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
 A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
 When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife:
 I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)
 And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

250

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
 Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
 Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
 Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

[*Leaps in the grave.*]

Now pile your dust, upon the quicke, and dead,
 Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made,
 To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
 Of blew *Olympus*.

260

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he, whose griefes
 Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow

233. *Rites: crants*—2-5Q.

239. *sage: a*—2-5Q.

250. *t'have: have*—2-5Q

Conjure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devill take thy soule.

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou prai'st not well

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir though I am not Spleenative, and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,

270

Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out
of the grave.*]

Ham. Why I will fight with him uppon this Theme,
Untill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Love)

Make up my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

281

Qu. For love of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?

Woo't drinke up *Esile*,¹ eate a Crocodile? ¹*vinegar*

Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;

To outface me with leaping in her Grave?

263. *Conjure*: Conjures-2-4F. 2-5Q.

269. *Sir*: For-2-5Q.

271. *Away*: hold off-2-5Q.

274. *Gen. Good .. quiet*: All. Gentlemen,

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.-2-5Q.

279. *there*: their-2-4F.

283. *Come show*: 'Swords show-2-5Q.

284. *fight? Woo't teare*: fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear (Wilt fast-1Q.)-2-5Q.

285. *Esile*: eisel-THEOBALD.

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
 And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
 Millions of Akers on us; till our ground 290
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
 Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
 Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. [*Queen*] This is meere Madnesse:
 And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
 Anon as patient as the female Dove,
 When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
 What is the reason that you use me thus? 300
 I lovd' you ever; but it is no matter:
 Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
 The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
 [*Exit Horatio.*]
 [*To Laer.*] Strengthen you patience in our last nights
 speech, |
 Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
 Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Sonne,
 This Grave shall have a living Monument:
 An houre of quiet shortly shall we see; 309
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *All in the castle.*]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
 You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

292. *and:* an—POPE.

297. *Cuplet:* couplets—2-5Q.

305. *you:* your—3-4F.

2. *let me:* shall you—2-5Q.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
 That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
 Worse then the mutines¹ in the Bilboes,² rashly,
 (And praise be rashnesse for it) let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach us,
 There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, 11
 Rough-hew them how we will. ^{1 mutineers}

Hor. That is most certaine. ^{2 stocks}

Ham. Up from my Cabin
 My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
 Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
 Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
 To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
 (My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
 Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*, 20
 Oh royall knavery: An exact command,
 Larded with many severall sorts of reason;
 Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
 With hoo, such Bugges³ and Goblins in my life;
 That on the supervize no leasure bated, ^{3 bugaboos}
 No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head shoud be struck off.

Hor. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
 But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed? 30

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
 Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
 They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
 Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
 I once did hold it as our Statists doe,

8. *praise*: *praised*—2-5Q.

24. *boo*: *ho* (*hoe*)—2-5Q.

32. *Villaines*: *villanies*—THEOBALD.

A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
 How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
 It did me Yeomans service: wilt thou know
 The effects of what I wrote? 40

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuraton from the King,
 As England was his faithfull Tributary,
 As love betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
 As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
 And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
 And many such like Assis of great charge,
 That on the view and know of these Contents,
 Without debatement further, more or lesse,
 He should the bearers put to sodaine death, 50
 Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate;
 I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
 Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
 Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
 Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac't it safely,
 The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day
 Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
 Thou know'st already. 60

Hor. So *Guildensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment
 They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
 Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points

40. *effects*: effect-2-5Q. 44. *as*: like-2-5Q. *should*: might-2-5Q.

47. *Assis*: 'As'es-JOHNSON.

48. *know*: knowing-2-5Q.

53. *ordinate*: ordinant-2-5Q.

59. *sement*: sequent-2-5Q.

63. *debate*: defeat-2-5Q.

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes, 71
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit¹ him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come ¹*requite*
In further evill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more 80
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Lacertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grieve did put me
Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Os. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
marke. |

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord. 91

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh;² but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt. ²*jackdaw*

79-81. 3 ll. ending *mine, one, Horatio*—HANMER.

84. *count: court*—ROWE.

95. *saw: say*—2-4F. 2-5Q.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right use, 'tis for the head. 100

Osr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeeve mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter. 110

Ham. I beseech you remember.

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: [sir here is newly | com to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute gentlemen,^a ful of most excellent | differences, of very soft society, and great showing: in- | deede to speake sellingly^b of him, hee is the card or kalender of gen- | try: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see. |

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I | know to deuide him inventorially, would dosie^c th'arithmaticke of | memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick saile, but | in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, | & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse,

97. *friendship*: lordship-2-5Q. 99. *it with*: it, sir, with-2-5Q.

105. *Mee thinkes*: But yet methinks-2-5Q.

112. *in good faith*: good my lord-QQ.

112-13. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

^a *gentlemen*: gentleman-3-5Q.

^b *sellingly*: feelingly-4-5Q.

^c *dosie*: dizzy-4-5Q.

as to make true dixon | of him, his semblable is his
mirrour, & who els would trace him, his | umbrage, no-
thing more. |

Cour. Your Lordshipspeakes most infallibly of him. |

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the
gentleman in | our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to understand in another tongue,
you will | too't^a sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words
are spent. |

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did,
it would not | much approove me, well sir.] |

[*Osr.*] Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is at | his weapon. 114

[*Ham.* I dare not confesse that, least I should compare
with | him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were
to knowe himselfe. |

Cour. I meane sir for this^b weapon, but in the im-
putation laide on | him, by them in his meed, hee's
unfellowed.]

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Hor-
ses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French
Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle,

^a too't: do't-3-5Q.

^b this: his-6Q.

113-14. at his weapon: out-2-5Q. 114-15. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

118. The sir King ha's wag'd: The King, sir, hath wagered-
2-5Q.

Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit. 123

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

[*Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had | done.]

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall. 139

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Majestie, 'tis the breathing¹ time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you ee'n so? ¹exercising

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

121. *or so:* and so-2-5Q. 130. *French but:* French bet-2-5Q.

133. *you:* yourself-2-5Q.

134. *one twelve for mine, and that:* laid on twelve for nine; and it-2-5Q.

143. *if:* an-CAPELL.

144. *Ile:* I will-2-5Q.

Ham. Yours, yours; [*Exit Osric.*] hee does well to commend it | himsefe, there are no tongues else for's tongte. | 150

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beavy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

[*Enter a Lord.*

[*Lord.* My Lord, his Majestie commended him to you by young | Osricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, | he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that | you will take longer time? |

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings plea- | sure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, pro- | vided I be so able as now. |

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. |

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Qucene desires you to use some gentle entertainment | *Laertes*,^a before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord. 160

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,

150. *tongue*: turn-2-5Q.

154. *had he .. mine .. Beavy*: has he .. many .. breed-2-5Q.

^a *Laertes*: to *Laertes*-3-5Q.

159. *tryalls*: trial-2-5Q.

159-60. bracketed ll.-2-5Q.

I have beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord. ^{1 misgiving}

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving¹ as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit. 169

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no | man ha' sought of what he leaves. What is't to leave be- | times? [let be.]

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this nand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' band into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman. 181

This presence knowes,

And you must needs have heard how I am punisht With sore distraction? What I have done

That might your nature honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,

163. *how all: how ill all's*—2-5Q.

168. *obey. I: obey it: I*—2-5Q.

174. *leaves. What: leaves, what*—Rowe.

175. bracketed words—2-5Q.

Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it: 190
 Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
 His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
 Sir, in this Audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
 Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
 'That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
 And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
 Whose motive in this case should stirre me most 200
 To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
 I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,
 Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
 I have a voyce, and president of peace
 To keepe my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
 And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
 Give us the Foyles: Come on. 210

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
 Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
 Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
 Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
 Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

198. *Mother*: brother-QQ. 205. *ungorg'd*: ungored-2-5Q.

217-19. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*, Lord-2-5Q.

220. *batb*: has-2-5Q.

King. I do not feare it, 221
 I have seene you both:
 But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy,
 Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
 These Foyles have all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Osricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine upon that Table:
 If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit, 230
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
 The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
 And in the Cup an union¹ shal he throw ^{1pearl}
 Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
 In Denmarkes Crowne have worne.

Give me the Cups,
 And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
 The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
 The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
 Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin, 241
 And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir. *They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke. 250

221-2. 1 l.-2-5Q.

226-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

238. *Trumpets*: trumpet-2-5Q.

244. *on sir*: my lord-2-5Q.

224-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

236-7. 1 l.-2-5Q.

240. *Heaven*: heavens-4-5Q.

250-1. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup,

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come: [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin,¹ rub thy browes, ^{1 handkerchief}
The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.* 260

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. [*Aside*] It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't. 270

Laer. [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience. |

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Play.

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then*] In scuffling they
change Rapiers. | [*and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

254. set by: set it by—Qq.

259. Heere's a Napkin: Here, Hamlet, take my napkin—Qq.

263-4. I l.-2-5Q. 266-7. I l. 2-5Q. 272-3. I l.-2-5Q.

King. Part them, they are incens'd. 280

Ham. Nay come, againe. [*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Looke to the Queene there ho.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Osr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,

I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleede.

Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke. 290

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poyson'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practise 300

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,

Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,

Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murderous,

285-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

289. *sounds*: *swounds*-3-4F.

290-2. 2 ll. ending *Hamlet*, *poison'd*-2-5Q.

293. *How?*: *Ho!*-2THEOBALD.

295-6. 1 l.-2-5Q.

309-10. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Damned Dane, 310
 Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Union heere?
 Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
 It is a poyson temp'red¹ by himselfe: ¹ *mixed*
 Exchange forgivenessse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
 Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
 Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance, 320
 That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
 Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
 Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
 But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
 Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never beleeeve it.
 I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
 Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup. 330
 Let go, by Heaven Ile have't.
 Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
 (Things standing thus unknowne) shall live behind me.
 If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
 To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.
 What warlike noyse is this?

329-31. 2 ll. ending man, have't-2-5Q.

Enter Osricke.

340

Osr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from
Poland |

To th' Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from England,

But I do prophesie th' election lights

On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,

Which have solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o.

Dyes |

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:

350

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with
Drumme, | Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on havocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell. 360

That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,

So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The sight is dismall,

And our affaires from England come too late,

The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,

To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

342. *this*: this-2-4F. new l. at This-POPE.

349. O, o, o, o: out-2-5Q.

350. *cracke*: cracks-2-4F.QQ.

359. *His*: This-2-5Q.

361. *shoote*: shot-2-5Q.

That *Rosinrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
Where should we have our thankses?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you: 370
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so jumpe upon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause, 380
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Invite me,

Hor. Of that I shall have alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth 391
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines

387. *Rites*: rights-QQ. 388. *are ro*: now to-QQ. *ro*: to-2-4F.

390. *alwayes*: also-2-5Q.

391-2. 1 l.-2-5Q.

394. *whiles*: while-2-5Q.

394-5. 1 l.-2-5Q.

Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
 For he was likely, had he beene put on
 To have prov'd most royally: 400
 And for his passage,
 The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
 Speake lowdly for him.
 Take up the body; Such a sight as this
 Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
 Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
 Ordenance are shot off.*

400-1. 1 l.-2-3Q.

404. *body*: bodies (bodie-1Q.)-2-5Q.

FINIS.

